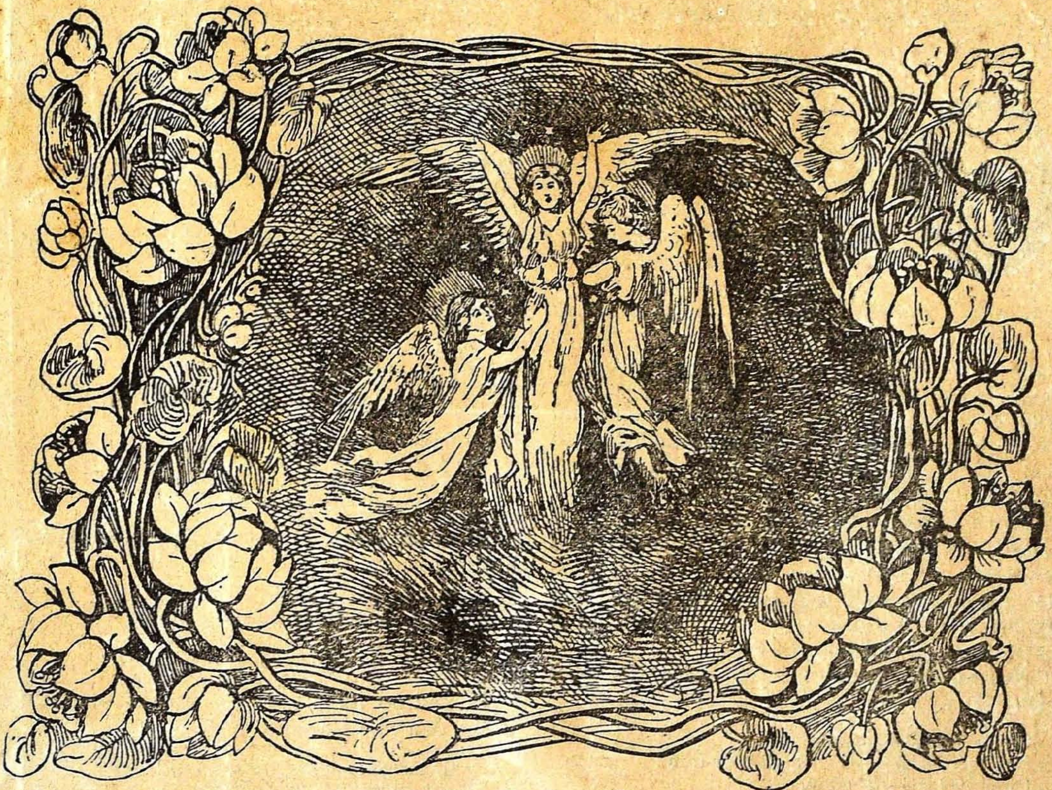

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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WHAT IS LOVE?

My heart, canst tell me whether
  Thou knowest what love is, say?
"Two hearts that beat together,
  Two souls one thought doth sway."

And say, whence comes love hither?
  "Unknown to us its rise."
And say, how does it wither?
  "'Tis not love when it dies."

And when is love the purest?
  "When selfish thoughts are lost."
And when is love the surest?
  "When given least to boast."

And when is love most wealthy?
  "When generous most it proves."
Say is it loud, or stealthy?
  "It never talks, it loves."

Milton's L'Allegro.

ONE of the prettiest and lightest of English poems is the L'Allegro. The charming affinity of the circumstances described to the mood of the poem, the exquisite fitness of the words to the feelings, the sweetness of the country scenery, the beautiful thoughts and ideas roused by the poem, make it one never likely to be forgotten in English literature. The tripping, lilting measure of the theme infects us, as it were, with its gaiety, and the ideal beauty and peace of the quiet English landscape and English rural life, fills our mind with calm and pleasant thoughts. L'Allegro is a charming poem for a pleasant leisure hour.

Let us first notice that "the goddess fair and free," the "heart-easing mirth," described in this poem, is quite different from the "Vain deluding Joys" mentioned at the beginning of the sister poem "The Penseroso."

"Hence, vain deluding joys," cries the poet to the latter,

"How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus's train."

Far different is the present invocation,

"But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven ylept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing mirth;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew."

This Mirth is "fair and free," so buxom, blithe and debonair." It has, as its companions,

"Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed guiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe
And in thy right-hand lead with thee,
The Mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty."

Content and Liberty, but above all Liberty,—how often Mirth accompanies them, or rather, results from them!

L'Allegro describes an ideal day of twelve hours spent in the quietness and peace of lively country scenery, by—not a rustic or uneducated man—but by an educated youth, who seeks to expend a few leisure hours in light cheerfulness, trying, perhaps, to gain added strength and buoyancy of heart for renewed work in the crowded, faded atmosphere of busy life. The poem begins before the dawn; for our happy youth loves to wander out in the dewy twilight. He looks out of his window.

"Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;

with his face smothered in the dewy fragrant freshness of the flowers, he

"Hears the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise."

Suddenly, from behind him he hears the cock

"With lively din,
Scatter the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly strut his dames before."

From far away come the joyous sounds of a hunting party.

"The hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill."

He can no longer stay in-doors; so he walks in the dewy meadows

"By hedgerow-elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

The sun is rising; the soft dappled sky of the dawn is giving place to a variety of lovely and brilliant colours; and all the world wakes to life:—

"The *ploughman*, near at hand,
Whistles over the furrowed land,
And the *milkmaid* singeth blithe,
And the *mower* whets his sythe,
And every *shepherd* tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

Round him are all the lovely scenes of a country place,

"Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements he sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

Close by are the country cottages, where our happy youth sees the labourers at breakfast before going to their work. Deftly and quickly, the neat, pink-cheeked country maiden does her house-work.

"And then in haste her bower she leaves;" and arm-in-arm, with her happy lover, begins her work, perhaps binding the sheaves, or helping to rake in the fragrant hay in the pleasant meadow. Then the noon-day Sun mounts into the sky and the afternoon pleasures begin for the happy labourer.

"Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday."

Then the day-light begins to fade and the country-people gather round "the spicy, nut-brown ale," and exchange stories of feats and brave deeds, and fairy tales and country superstitions. Then comes the time for sleep,

"By whispering winds soon lulled asleep." But our youth, unlike the country labourers, does not go to sleep so soon, for his educated brain requires more serious pleasures. He crowns the day's simple happiness by fit reading, still in his mind of light cheerfulness.

"Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and warriors bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize
Of wit and arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend."

Then comes still more serious reading,

"If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Sometimes to vary this, he plays to himself sweet music.

"Soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and greedy cunning,
The melting voice though mazes running,
Untwisting all the charms that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

The music is so sweet that

"Orpheus's elf may heave his head
From golden slumber in a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers and hear
Such strains that would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurychie."

Thus closes the poet's happy day in the country; and truly a simple, sweet, sober, pleasant day it is. Then with his brain refreshed and his mind rested, he goes back to the work of his busy life.

PADMINI.

Maxims and Morals for Home and School Teaching.

FROM SACRED WRITINGS.
ALPHABETICALY ARRANGED.

By Lady Benson.

II.

"BLESSINGS are upon the head of the just."
Proverbs: X. 6.

"Be sober, be vigilant."
"Be pitiful, be courteous."
I Peter: III. 8.

"Blessed are they who believe, and humbly offer their thanksgiving toward God."
Koran: Ch. 4-152.

"Be at peace among yourselves."
1 Thess: V. 13.

"Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess."
Ephesians V. 18.

"Be patient toward all men."
I Thess: V. 14.

"Be not weary in well doing."
II Thess. III. 13.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."
St. Matthew V. 7.

"Be your converse hidden or open, He truly knoweth the inmost recess of your hearts."
Koran: Ch. 67, V. 13.

"Be not deceived," "Evil communications corrupt good manners."
I Cor. 15-32.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"
St. Matthew V. 8.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."
St. Matthew V. 9.

"Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."
Ps. 133, 1.

"Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."
Eccl: VII. 9.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."
Romans XII. 21.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."
Ps. XLI. 1.

"Bodily exercise profiteth for a little time; but Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

I Timothy IV. 8.

"Be of one mind, live in peace and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

II Cor. XIII. 11.

"Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Eph. IV. 26.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

Eph. IV. 32.

"But fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness let it not be once named among you. Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking. Let no man deceive you with vain words; for, because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience. Be ye not partakers with them."

Eph: V. 3. 6.

"Cease to do evil: learn to do well."

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."

Proverbs XIX. 18.

"Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing to the Lord."

Colossians III. 20.

"Cleave to that which is good."

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. That they do good, that they be rich in good works."

"Cease from anger and forsake wrath."

Ps. 37-8.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

Ps. 41-10.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity valueth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil: rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth."

I Cor. XIII. 4 to 8.

What Women are doing in America.

STRANGE would be the impressions and experiences of an Indian woman suddenly transported from the heart of a Zenana to the town of Norway, Maine, in the United States of America. In this city women not only work in gainful occupations along with men, but actually take their places—oust them out of their positions—and manage all kinds of business exclusively and independently. In addition to taking good care of their homes, husbands and children, the women of this town clothe, feed, doctor, marry and bury the people, care for the traveller, are postmasters, financiers, bank and railroad directors, editors, printers and photographers. In every department of life—profession, trade, business, commerce and finance women are the presiding geniuses in this "woman's town" in New England. Their opportunities are exceptional and unlimited—and their spheres of activity constantly are growing in dimensions.

For over eight years the duties of town physician have been ably performed by Dr. Annette Bennett. The Board of Select-men, entirely consisting of men, appointed her to this office, and all along these men have congratulated themselves on their excellent choice.

Norway has also the unique distinction of having a woman Justice of the Peace. The "Lady J. P.," as Miss Margaret A. Baker is called, is often called upon to perform the pleasant ceremony of uniting loving couples in holy matrimony. She also has the privilege of acknowledging deeds, ratifying contracts, administering oaths and trying petty civil and criminal cases.

Miss Grace Thayer is the undertaker of the town. She holds a license for caring for the dead. Both the men and women folk of Norway consider it a comfort to have a woman attend to the embalming of the dead bodies of women and preparing them for interment.

Directly opposite Miss Thayer's undertaking establishment is the Norway National Bank. Mrs. Stella D. Pike has long been associated with this institution as its cashier. Early in her life she discovered her abilities as a good

"adder"; later learned that she was an excellent financier. She considers women to be superior to men in money matters. According to her, the future holds alluring prospects for women of honesty and force in banking and financiering.

Contiguous to this bank is the S. B. & Z. S. Prince storey. The Prince sisters own it. Everything in the shop is done by women. Man has no connection with the store except as a buyer. The elder Prince sister explains that the low pay of a teacher drove her into the mercantile world. Any woman, who can carry on a business on unmortgaged stock, who pays her bills a couple of days before they are due and who dresses attractively is sure of success in business, she declares.

Similar are the views of Miss Edith Smith. She is the proprietor of a large shoe store. With money inherited from her father she engaged in that line of business and is making money.

A successful money-maker is the genial young lady who is a director of the Street Railroad as well as of the Corporation that lights the town. She graces the meetings of the Directorate and receives equal pay with the men directors.

The "Norway Advertiser" is conducted by Mrs. Laura A. Sanburn. She writes the editorials and directs the business policy of the paper. Twenty-five years ago she learned the printing trade and can set up type as easily as she can comment on current affairs.

This newspaper as well as the residents of Norway are supplied with photographs taken by Miss Minne F. Libby, whose work is artistic and highly admired. She is the proprieter of a photograph gallery and executes her business without the interference or supervision of any member of the sterner sex.

In Norway, there is a woman composer of songs. She not only composes the words, but sets them to music. Mrs. Cora Briggs already has published many sweet symphonies and soul stirring songs.

Three large hotels are owned and managed by women and the way-farers and sojourners in Norway are well taken care of, well fed with tasteful, hygienic food and lodged in clean, cozy rooms.

One of the biggest butcher shops in the city is run by a woman, Mrs. Owen T. Brooks. She works shoulder to shoulder with her husband, who declares that he never made any money until his business-like wife became his partner, not only in matrimony but in the butcher shop as well. Mrs. Alice L. Nash is another woman whose husband gleefully volunteers similar testimony. This couple are taxidermists and are very much esteemed by the citizens of Norway.

These women of Norway not only are successful in the lines of activity they have chosen, but are excellent wives, mothers, hostesses and housekeepers. Their husbands, children and houses do not show any signs of being neglected on account of the women concerning themselves with stocks and bonds, shares and dry goods, photographs and butcher shops. On the contrary, many husbands like Postmaster Charles S. Akers willingly testify that their wives render them invaluable service by earning money in shops and stores, banks and directorates and taking good care of the family pocketbook.

The American conception of wifehood is truly ideal. This concept endeavors to make of a wife a confidante and a friend—a co-partner in life, not only in home but in business as well. "The woman of whom I am speaking" says Elbert Hubbard, one of the most widely-read authors in America, regarding his wife, "proves what God can do when he concentrates on his work. Not only do I trust her with my heart, but with my pocket book. Were there no Mrs. Elbert Hubbard" vehemently declares this author and philosopher, "there could be no Fra Elbertus (meaning himself)." Such women are exceptional—few people hold such ideals of wifedom even in America; and Norway, Maine, probably is unique in affording the opportunities and facilities it does for its woman-hood to rise in the scale of the world, and for their mental and spiritual evolution. The women of America are waging a relentless war to raise their status to an equal footing with men in the home, society and business worlds. Their efforts in this direction have been crowned with success. There are many professions in which women have successfully competed with men—several in which they have ousted out men and monopolized their work. Take, for instance, clerking and stenography.

In the office as well as factory, women have achieved this by consenting to work at cheaper wages than men receive. They have cut out men and obtained their positions by underbidding them. Thus it is that in the United States of America, the genteel professions in which are included all kinds of work that women are physically fit to do, are largely glutted with females. The men have had to abandon these fields in favor of women. Thus it is that the American men confine their labor to tasks that require greater physical strain than women would be able to bear. Women, however, are not to blame for cheapening labor. Being chattels at home, and slaves economically and socially, the only avenue left for them to strike a blow for their liberty was to compete with men in their own field, by denying themselves luxuries, in many cases even the necessaries of life, by living

inexpensively and frugally and accepting small wages.

Now that woman has been successful in competing with men, in their favorite occupations and professions, and has given absolute proof of her physical, mental and moral capability in a number of professions and trades, she is demanding that capacity for work and not the sex of the worker ought to determine wages. She is also imbued with a desire to demonstrate to men that women are capable of employing their energies and wits in many other ways and channels than at present they are allowed to follow by conventional society and conservative manhood.

Women engaged in business and commercial and educational life, in order to strike their most telling blows on greedy money-octopuses and dollar-crazy captains of industry, are organizing themselves into unions and leagues. Their demands that when a woman does a man's work she shall be given a man's pay are reasonable and just and in course of time organization and union are bound to effect changes for the better. As this is being written, there is a great strike of the telegraph operators in progress in a number of cities in the United States,—a strike whose dimensions are growing larger every day and which threatens to extend to Canada as well as Mexico. One essential condition which the strikers propound is that the salaries of women telegraphers shall be raised to the highest standard demanded by the men operators. This is a very significant move and indicates that in years to come—probably not in the very distant future,—the school ma'ams, women journalists and writers, factory girls, stenographer clerks, salesladies and other female workers in business, commercial, financial and other circles, will command more remunerative wages.

While this struggle for more wages waxes stronger every day, women are endeavoring to live down the conservative and old-fashioned notions about woman's privileges, rights and sphere of work. Amongst those who are attempting to do this is Mrs. William Sheffield, of Deshler, Ohio. She claims the distinction of being the only practical woman blacksmith and wood-worker in her State. Any day in the week, passers-by can hear the ring of the anvil, as the lady at the village smithy smites it with might and main. She works alongside her husband, who is one of the best blacksmiths in the world, having worked at his trade for a number of years. Mr. Sheffield declares with pride and satisfaction that his wife is almost as good as he, being his partner in work ever since their marriage in eighteen hundred and ninety six. When he wooed and won her, she was sick, frail and lonely. During their earlier period of courtship the young woman often visited her fiance in his shop and helped him along by doing odd jobs. Soon both of them discovered that she was a natural mechanic. It did not take her long to acquaint herself with the intricacies of the profession. She is an excellent horseshoer; and turns out beautiful waggons. She is a vigorous woman, weighing to-day one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and declares that ninety per cent. of the ills of woman are due to the lack of healthy exercise, and she frankly airs her conviction that woman is capable of materializing any ideas or ideals she undertakes.

There is a very interesting figure in Wisconsin, Mildred D. Peters, who for more than three years has been working in the Rice Lake iron works, a foundry and machine shop owned by her husband. Mrs. Peters has a natural talent for doing the various sorts of work required in a machine shop. She is a competent mechanic, familiar with all the intricacies of engines and can not only repair but as well manipulate them. She makes her own potteries, is declared an expert at handling hot metals and producing clean castings. Mr. Peters considers himself lucky and affirms "My wife is capable of taking the entire charge of the business. She can do anything that I can do in the shop."

In 1900 the latest report from the United States Census Bureau regarding women engaged in gainful occupations declares that one out of every five women then residing in the country were following some bread-winning profession. Since then, women have struggled to obtain better wages, widen their sphere of labor, and live down prejudices. They have been able to launch themselves into a wider territory and wrest better salaries from their employers. Doubtless therefore, the number of women to-day engaged in gainful occupations is larger than that one quoted from the United States Census —though the exact statistics are not available.

But, while it may be conceded that women who have, against the time-honored traditions and customs, taken up works like blacksmithing, carpentering, mechanical and electrical engineering, etc., have proved benefactors to the present as well as the future generations, in so far as their efforts have been able not only to widen woman's field of work, but also to pull down old-fashioned standards and criterions, it often is asked whether after all kitchen and home and not the office and the workshop are not the woman's legitimate sphere of work. A steel magnate, Charles M. Schwab, has raised quite a storm of protest by declaring "Don't cry for a career. Men do not like brilliant women." The burden of his advice is; that the kitchen and not the office is the place for woman. A New York Editor

retorts: "The woman intelligent enough to want to do something, isn't sitting up all night wondering what men care about. When Mr. Schwab went into the steel business he didn't wonder whether women liked steel men or not. The woman who wants a career of whatever kind, should go at her career, not waste time wondering what men want."

In America at least, the ideal that woman is just born to cater to the stomachs of men, darn their stockings and cut short her life in the effort to cut down the bill, is passing away. While maternity and good housekeeping still are considered admirable vocations, development of brain and brawn, of artistic and aesthetic instincts, of the inclination and capability to engage in gainful occupations and earn bread if need be, are more and more being set down as the proper and legitimate ideals for womanhood. W. T. Stead, the editor of the "London Review of Reviews," says: American men suffer for women, they work for them, they indulge them; but they do not take them seriously." Not very many American women who have a grain of intelligence will admit this to be a correct delineation of American womanhood. But supposing it were, if Mr. Stead was to tour the United States in a few years to come, he would be sure to find that at least American women take themselves seriously. They regard themselves as being worth while for their own sakes.

To-day the women of America are developing their physical, mental and spiritual selves in a manner that will cause men to "sit up and take notice." The American woman no longer is ashamed of being considered aggressive. It is aggressiveness that, of all else, she needs. It is aggressiveness that has made America what it is. If American women ever succeed in enforcing the payment of wages for the work done and not according to the sex of the worker, it will be on account of aggressiveness.

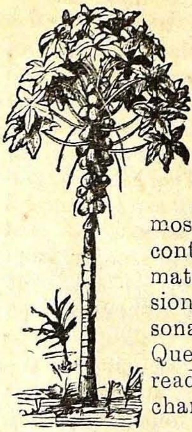
NIHAL SINGH.

YOUR PLACE.

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face!
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think you He has chosen you for it,
Work loyally.

Gird on your armour! be faithful
At toil or rest,
Whiche'er it be, never doubting
God's way is best.
Out in the fight or on picket,
Stand firm and true;
This is the work which your Master
Gives you to do.

The Letters of Queen Victoria.



RECENTLY there has been published a book containing a selection from the letters of Queen Victoria, published by authority of His Majesty the King. The three volumes of letters form, as may be expected, most interesting reading, which contains nothing to change, or even materially to modify, our impressions of the great and good personality of the beloved and 'Good Queen Victoria.' We have often read of her sweet and womanly character, and the correspondence before us but continues the story of her beautiful life. This is what Mr. Benson, who, with Viscount Esher edits the book before us, says of her:

"She was high-spirited and wilful, but devotedly affectionate, and almost typically feminine. She had a strong sense of duty and dignity, and strong personal prejudices. Confident, in a sense, as she was, she had the feminine instinct strongly developed of dependence upon some manly advisor."

She was, indeed, essentially and pre-eminently a woman. This is apparent in every letter that she writes, for every letter contains some expressions of personal feeling, sometimes slight and sometimes passionate, and of delicate and discerning sympathy;—and this even when she is administering a sharp rebuke or making a remonstrance, for even here her tender finger would touch on some alleviating circumstance or some soft spot. Her woman's influence and the influence of her character—like the influence of all good and true women—extended far and wide. She possessed a strong individuality and her character was an extraordinarily strong one. "With deep, passionate, and yet widely extended affections, which knew no concealment, quick-tempered, impetuous, and with all the indomitable courage of her family, her spirit was nevertheless controlled by a strong and abiding sense of duty and faith in God. Conscious of the limitations of her sex, eager to learn and to inform herself, she continued. in spite of the atmosphere of deference in which she lived, humble and docile to an extraordinary degree."

That she was a woman of deep and lasting affections we find from her letters to her uncle Leopold, afterwards king of the Belgians, in whose house alone her happiest days had been spent during her 'dull and sad' childhood, as

she herself describes it. She writes on one occasion:—

"My most Dearly beloved Uncle,—you cannot imagine how happy you have made me by your very dear, kind, long and interesting letter, which I received yesterday morning and of which I beg you to accept my very warmest and best thanks. You know, I think, my dearest Uncle, that no creature on earth loves you more dearly, or has a higher sense of admiration for you, than I have. Independent of all that you have done—which I never, never can be grateful enough for—my love for you exceeds all that words can express; it is innate in me, for, from my earliest years, the name of *Uncle* was the dearest I knew, the word Uncle alone meant no other than you........."

This affection outlasted her accession to the throne of England:

"One line to express to you, imperfectly, my thanks for all your very great kindness to me, and my great, great grief at your departure! God knows how sad, how forlorn, I feel! How I shall miss you, my dearest, dear Uncle! Every, everywhere! How I shall miss your conversation! Oh! I feel very, very sad, and cannot speak of you without crying."

And, when a question about Belgium arose, giving rise to delicate questions between England and King Leopold, Queen Victoria writes to her Uncle, assuring him of her continued affection and her earnest desire for the welfare of his Kingdom—in return to which, King Leopold writes:—

"My dearest and most beloved Victoria,—you have written me a very dear and long letter, which has given me great pleasure and satisfaction. I was much moved with the expressions of truly-felt affections which it contains, and I shall never again doubt your affection for me, but rely on your dear heart and the constancy of your character......"

In the exercise of her great office, Queen Victoria naturally often found herself in very trying positions; but she generally managed to carry them off with the gracious dignity and tact peculiar to her. Sometimes, with her natural impetuosity she would refuse to give in to her ministers:—

"I was calm but very decided, and I think you would have been pleased to see my composure and my great firmness; the Queen of England will not submit to such trickery." But, later on, her good sense often made her see that her ministers were right: "I am quiet and prepared," she once writes to King Leopold; "but still, I feel very sad, and, God knows, very wretched at times for myself and my country that such a change must take place." She was ever a good *friend* to her friends and advisers and often continued her relations with them even after political situations had changed their relations.

The queen eagerly threw herself into the affairs of her own kingdom and in its relations with foreign kingdoms. Her influence was ever for justice and peace. As for instance, on one occasion, she writes:—

"I cannot understand what has rendered Palmerston so extremely hostile to King and Government of France. A little civility would have gone a great way with the French. Now, no statesman must triumph over an enemy that is not quite dead, because people forget a real loss, but they won't forget an insult."

And again, on another occasion she writes to her Uncle.

"I have worked hard this week to bring about something conciliating, and I hope and trust I have succeeded," to which Leopold answers:

"God bless you for the great zeal you have for our great work, the maintenance of peace."

Queen Victoria's womanly heart always made itself felt even in her political relations. For instance, when the French king's sister died, she forgot all her indignation against him and wrote him an affectionate letter. King Leopold writes to her about this:—

"Your kind letter to the poor King was an act for which I thank you from the bottom of my soul, because it made him so happy. I was still in his room, when your letter arrived; he was so delighted with it that he kissed it most tenderly. ...."

And, again, on another occasion, Queen Victoria writes to the King of Prussia thus:—

"Dear sir and brother,—I can express only imperfectly in writing how deep my pain is, after going so far, faithfully, hand in hand, to see you at this weighty moment separating yourself from us..........Let not your Majesty believe that what has been said in this letter is aimed at persuading you to change your resolves; it flows from the affectionate heart of a sister, who could not pardon herself were she not at so weighty a moment, to let you see into her inmost soul..."

Queen Victoria's letters about her marriage, before and after the event, are most touching. She is at first very careful that she should marry only him towards whom she could entertain the love which a wife should have for her husband. She writes thus about Prince Albert to King Leopold:—

"Though all the reports of Albert are most favourable, and though I have little doubt I shall like him, still one can never answer beforehand for feelings, and I may not have that feeling for him, which is necessary to insure happiness. I may like him as a friend, and as a cousin, and as a brother, but not more, and should this be

the case, I am very anxious that it should be understood that I am not guilty of any breach of promise, for I never gave any........"

But her inmost heart is soon satisfied, for she writes again :—

"My dearest Uncle,—I write to you from here, the happiest, happiest being that ever existed. Really I do not think it possible for any one in the world to be happier, or as happy as I am......" and, afterwards, she pays the highest tribute to her husband's character :—

"Albert grows daily fonder and fonder of politics and business, and is so wonderfully fit for both—such perspicuity and such courage"—and again."

"To-morrow is the eighteenth anniversary of my blessed marriage, which has brought such universal blessings to this country and Europe! For what has not my beloved and perfect Albert done? Raised monarchy to the highest pinnacle of respect, and rendered it popular beyond what it ever was in this country."

Let us just glance, before closing, at Queen Victoria's relations with India, as manifested by her feelings during the great mutiny. She fully sympathised in the stand which Lord Canning made against the violent rancour of the English community against every Indian of every class. After her assumption of the direct Government of India, she writes to Lord Derby :—

"The Queen would be glad if Lord Derby would write the draft of Proclamation for India himself, bearing in mind that it is a female Sovereign who speaks to more than 100,000,000 of Eastern people on assuming the direct Government over them after a bloody civil war, giving them pledges which her future reign is to redeem and explaining the principles of her Government. Such a document should breathe feelings of generosity, benevolence and religious feeling, pointing out privileges which the Indians will receive in being placed on an equality with the subjects of the British crown, and the prosperity following in the train of civilization."

Afterwards, Queen Victoria insists on freedom of religion being one of the clauses of the draft :—

"Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects."

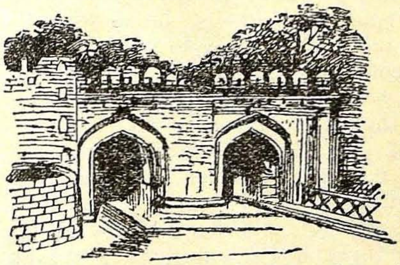
Once more, this is what she says with regard to our beloved India,—

"It is a source of great satisfaction and pride to the Queen to feel herself in direct communication with that enormous Empire which is so bright a jewel of her Crown, and which she would wish to see happy, contented, and peaceful. May the publication of her Proclamation be the beginning of a new era, and may it draw a veil on the sad and bloody past!"

Truly a great and good Queen! no wonder our India regrets the sway of her tactful and gracious personality!

By an Indian Lady.

Anecdotes from English History.



WHILE re-arranging my library, recently, I chanced upon an old book "The Romance of London," and on looking into it, I found that it contained many interesting anecdotes about famous men and women, well-known in History, about leading events and important places that are of interest even to the present day. Such narratives not only awaken curiosity and wonder, but are records of the lights and shadows of human life, which is ever changeable and yet ever the same and which is always of interest.

I. BUILDING OF LONDON BRIDGE.

There is a curious story told about this structure, fabulous, perhaps, but interesting. Once upon a time when there was no Bridge at all, there was only a Ferry, to "which divers' boats belonged, to transport all passengers betwixt Southwark and Churchyard Alley, that being the road-way betwixt Middlesex and Sussex and London." This Ferry was rented by one John Overs, who became very rich with the profits of his rent, but who was a very covetous and miserly man. He lived in miserable poverty, though possessing immense riches. He had one daughter, says the narrative, "beautiful in aspect and pious in disposition." He had her liberally educated, though at the cheapest rate; yet he would allow no one to see her and to associate with her. Yet, one of the young men, who was engaged in the Ferry, seeking to become Overs' heir, found opportunities to be admitted into her company. "The first interview" says the boy, "pleased well; the second better; the third concluded the match between them." John Overs, unaware of all this, still continued his miserly existence. To save the expense of one day's food in the family he hit upon a stratagem, which was to feign

himself to be dead and to be laid out like a corpse. He expected, according to the usual custom, that his family and servants would fast till the funeral, and thus save expense. Having persuaded his daughter against her better nature to consent to this scheme, it was given out that he was dead and he was laid out according to the custom of the time, in a sheet with one taper at his head and one at his feet. When the news reached his servants and apprentices, contrary to all his expectations, great was their joy. They danced in great glee round the supposed dead body, broke into his larder and indulged themselves to every excess. The master could not bear this any longer, and, struggling in his sheet, was trying to come out, when one of the servitors, seeing his struggles, thought that the Devil was trying to rise in the likeness of the dead man, and, catching hold of the butt-end of a broken oar, broke the skull of the miserable old man. Thus ended the life of the covetous Ferryman, who, through his own base scheme did himself to death. The daughter now came into the rich estate; and, her lover hearing of this, hastened up from the country, but, while riding post-haste, his horse stumbled and he broke his neck. The young heiress was distracted with grief and despair and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment; for he was not permitted to have a Christian burial on account of his extortions and usury. The Friars of the Abbey near by, the Abbot being away, were persuaded by money to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched Ferryman. On the Abbot's return he was very angry with the monks for their permission, and he had the body taken up again and laying it on the back of his own ass turned the animal out of the Abbey gates, allowing it to carry it wherever it chose. The ass, having walked through some streets, finally shook off the body in the usual place of execution and the people, thinking that this was the burial place decreed by God for the Ferryman, buried him there with scant ceremony. The daughter was overwhelmed with these sorrows; and, disgusted with the world and with the numerous suitors, who sought her hand for her money, she resolved to enter into a convent. Before doing so, she provided for the building of the Church which commemorates her name, the Church of St. Mary Overs in Southwark. The first wooden bridge over the Thames at London is ascribed by a historian to the pious brothers of St. Mary's Monastery. Stow, the historian, writes as follows in one of the old Chronicles: "A Ferry being kept in the place where the Bridge is built, the Ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the said Ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary; which, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits rising of the said Ferry, built a House of Sisters in the place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Over's Church, above the choir, where she was buried; unto which house she gave the overright and profits of the Ferry. But, afterwards, the said House of Sisters being converted into a College of priests, the priests built the bridge of timber, as all the other great bridges of this land were, and from time to time kept the same in good repair. Till, at length, considering the great charges of repairing the same, by aid of the citizens of London and others, a Bridge was built with arches of stone. And thus we read of the foundation of London Bridge, a tale fraught with interest. Many an interesting anecdote is connected with London Bridge and of the people, who lived on it. John Bunyan is said to have lived there for some time and to have preached in the Chapel at Southwark. The great painter of the Court of Henry VIII, Hans Holbein, resided on London Bridge,—and so on. Now it is the centre of one of the busiest parts in London. Many may the tragedies enacted on it and, if only the dark rolling river could speak, many mysteries and secrets would be revealed. I cannot help quoting here a song called "London Bridge" which expresses in its rhythmic measure some outline of the many human tragedies that the river may have witnessed.

"Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
Over the bridge they go
Rags and velvet and tweed,
Poverty, pomp and woe,
Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,
Hour by hour they crowd along,
While below the mighty river
Sings them all a mocking song

Dainty, painted, powder'd and coy
Rolleth my lady by;
Rags and tatters over the way,
Under the open sky.
Flowers and dreams from country meadows,
Dust and din thro' city skies;
Old men creeping with their shadows,
Children with their sunny eyes.

Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
Over the bridge they go
Floating on in the tide of life,
Whither no man shall know.
Who will miss them there to-morrow,
Waifs that drift to the shade or sun!
Gone away with their songs and sorrow;
Only the river still flows on—"

And when will the river cease to run?

II. LADIES EXCLUDED FROM THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It was in the year 1738 that it was resolved to exclude ladies from the galleries of the two Houses of Parliament. This led to a strange incident, which is very humorously described

by Lady Lovetley Montague. She goes on to say that at the last debate in the House of Lords, they had passed a resolution that no crowd of unnecessary auditors should be allowed to enter, and ladies were to be excluded from the two galleries. When this became known, many of the leading ladies of the land, headed by Lady Huntingdon and the Duchess of Queensbury took upon themselves to resist the resolution. They accordingly presented themselves at the door at nine in the morning, when they were respectfully informed by Sir William Saunderson that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, who headed the squadron, laughed to scorn such an order from merely " an ill-used lawyer" and asked him to lead them upstairs privately. This he stoutly refused to do; Her grace, stoutly reiterating that they would come in in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This was reported and the Chancellor determined to starve them out. An order was passed that the door should not be opened till they had left. But these ladies proved that they were made of sterner stuff. They stood there till five in the afternoon without food or sustenance and doggedly held to their resolve, every now and then raising such a commotion by violent raps and thumps on the door that the speakers could scarcely be heard in the House. This did not in any way move the Lords. The ladies now resorted to stratagem. They commanded a dead silence for half an hour? The Chancellor thinking that they had left on account of the extraordinary silence, gave orders for the opening of the door, so as to allow the Commons to enter. The door was opened unsuspiciously, when in rushed all the ladies and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. The fair writer winds up by saying :—" They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles but by noisy laughs and contempts." Thus, they gained their point by sheer determination.

Would that a little of that stern determination could be infused into the minds of the daughters of India, and then we shall see many social evils disappear.

AN INDIAN LADY.

(To be continued.)

The Deepavali.

THE 'Festival of Lights' has just gone. Once again the city looked entrancingly beautiful with garlands and festoons of twinkling light, once more the children delighted themselves with fireworks, and once more the old men saw the shadows of the year linger more and more closely around them. Every year the feast is conscientiously celebrated. The early baths and ablutions, the purification of oneself, the feasts and invitations to friends during the day and finally the night with its illuminations and fireworks are kept up year by year. And why? On account of a legend; as in all things in India we look back to our past, and, if we only carefully went into every superstitious custom, as it seems to us, we would find it originating in a foundation of some principle. But let us turn to this legend. Once in olden days lived a mighty monarch called *Mahabali Chakravarthi*. He was a great king—even the elements were subservient to him, and he became proud and he ruled his people with an iron hand. No one could resist him and he had it all his own way. This roused the anger of the gods and they determined to thwart him and crush his power. In a remote corner of the land was born a boy to a holy Brahmin family. He grew and developed into a man, but he was a man of stunted growth, a dwarf in appearance small and undersized and insignificant. He was known as Vamana rupa *i.e.* short statured. Yet this same dwarf had a mission to fulfil and no one was aware of it. When the time was come, he presented himself before the great king and begged for a small boon. The monarch, strong in the strength of his greatness, readily granted the boon, although his guru who knew what would happen, warned him not to. But the great Chakravarthi was satirical; " what harm can an undersized little man do to me, the great king of the earth?" So said the king in his ignorance. The boon was that the king would grant him three feet of earth to perform a holy sacrifice. It was granted in the usual way by the pouring of water in the hand and by sealing the grant by the irrevocable utterance of " Aum." Then was seen a wonderful change in this dwarf. He grew and grew in size before the astonished eyes of the king and his people, till he be-

came as it were, all-pervasive. Then they all knew it was Vishnu in an incarnation. One foot covered the earth, the other covered the air and the third came on the head of the great king and pressed him down to *Patalu Logam*, the lowest region in all the three worlds. Thus the world was rid of a tyrant and justice and peace restored. But Mahabali prayed for one little request, as he valued his name and his fame. He prayed that, in memory of the undisputed sway he had held over earth and heaven, all the people of the earth should celebrate that day with joy and festivities; and he who thus observed it and purified himself in the early morning, when he had the honour of the presence of Vishnu's feet on his head, should be cleaned of all his sins. The boon was granted, and thus the festival is kept up: and young and old keep up the Festival of Lights religiously. Such is the origin of Deepavali. It illustrates one principle that man, however great, is as the blade of a grass and as the flower of the field; "the wind passeth over it and it is gone" and none shall know whither.

Easy Pages for our Girls.

I. INSECTS.

This month I have taken 'insects' as my subject, because, small as they are, their organism is wonderful. If we examine any common insect we see that it looks as if it were deeply cut across in two places, so that it is in three separate parts. This seemed to have given rise to the name "Insect," which means "cut into." These three natural divisions are the head, the chest and the body.

If we examine an insect minutely, we find that it feels hard and horny to the touch, and that it can be easily crushed. This shows that it has no internal skeleton, but what is called an 'external skeleton' that is, a hard horny case which gives shape and protection to the creature. This case is made up of a number of rings or segments of hardened skin. These are not complete; they are in two halves, the upper and the under, joined at the sides by a loose elastic skin. This arrangement gives much freedom of movement The number of segments in the different divisions of the insect differ in the different specimens. If we now proceed to examine each part minutely, we find that the head is all of one piece and not made up of segments. Insects have no brain but a number of sets of nerves, the largest of which are in the head. The structure of the insects' eyes is very singular. Each eye is made up of a number of small eyes mixed together; in appearance, when magnified, they are like a blackberry, and they are placed prominently at the side of the head so as to enable the insect to see everywhere, behind, above, below or sideways and thus be able to protect itself from its numerous enemies. Next, we turn to the feelers, which seem to guide the insect to feel its way. The moment the feelers come in contact with a foreign substance, the insect flies away. The feelers are of all shapes and sizes and seem to be organs of feeling, smelling and hearing to the insect, and if the insect loses them, it dies. The next important thing to notice in the head are the mouth parts, which are not the same in all insects. The differences are according to the kind of food each insect eats. Some feed on vegetable matter, some on the juices of flowers, others on solid matter and hence the jaws of each kind are naturally different in structure. For instance, those which live on solid matter are provided with strong jaws for biting and chewing and they are made like the edge of a saw. But all insects are alike in this respect, that both their jaws move and that always sideways, while in animals only the lower jaw moves and that only up and down. Some insects, like the tiger beetle, feed on other insects and they are provided with powerful jaws for tearing their victims to pieces.

The next natural division of the body is the chest, that is, the middle part between the head

and the body, to which are joined the wings above and the legs below. If we look at the wings carefully, we find that there are two parts of them and that they are as fine as gossamer, delicate and lustrous. In some insects, like the daddy-long-legs and the gnat, the second pair of wings is wanting; but it is replaced by what is called a pair of balancers, that is slender stalks with small rounded knobs at the ends. These are placed at the back of the wings proper and seem to help the insect to balance itself securely. Some insects have no wings, which shows that they are not fitted to fly. Our attention is next turned to the second means of locomotion *viz.*, the legs. They are six in number and are arranged in three pairs. The structure of the legs is fitted to the particular kind of life the insect leads, some are jumping insects, like the grasshopper, and these are provided with long legs and strong thighs. Some are burrowing insects, like the beetle, and they are provided with strong legs and feet fitted for digging. Then the bee's legs are hollowed out to form a sort of basket, which is edged round with stiff hairs. The bee makes use of this as a basket to carry home the pollen from the flowers.

The third division is the body, that is, the big hinder part of the insect, which contains the organs of digestion and breathing. These last are unlike those of other creatures. It has no lungs like an animal and no gills like a fish. It has a peculiar breathing apparatus. If we look through a magnifying glass, we see that the loose skin connecting the upper and lower segment of the body is full of little holes. These are the ends of fine tubes, which lead into two larger tubes, which run through the whole length of the body and give off many branches. Thus the insect is able to breathe into every corner of its body. This passage of air throughout the body makes it very light and enables it to fly easily. The ends of the hole are kept open and not allowed to fall together by means of elastic coiled springs, which line the inner sides of every tube. The blood of an insect is cold and colourless.

Such is the structure of an insect, and it is interesting to notice how and from what the insect developed to its present shape. The insects, like birds, produce their young from eggs, but they cannot hatch them as their blood is cold and hence has no warmth in their bodies. Like the frogs' spawn the eggs are left to take care of themselves, but they are laid, where the young insect can find natural help in abundance. The young of some insects feed on vegetable matter and we find such eggs laid on different parts of a plant, such as the root leaves, buds, flowers, and so on. Others again eat animal matter and these are found laid on putrid animal matter, on raw and cooked meat, on cheese, and so on. Thus the mother-insect provides for her young. The question arises, how does the insect lay its eggs and in such strange peculiar places. The mother-insect is provided at the extremity with a sort of tool called the egg-depositor, which varies in force according to the purpose required. In some instances, the tool is a sort of auger or borer for boring holes. In others the borer itself is a sort of hollow tube, and the egg passes down the tube into the hole it makes. In others the insect is provided with a pair of actual saws; with this she saws slits in which to place her eggs. This is the first stage. The second is when a strange creature, quite unlike the mother insect, creeps out of the egg. This is called larva or grub. It feeds ravenously and in this stage is very destructive to the crops and gardener's plants. The result of the hungry eating is that it grows very rapidly and the skin becomes stretched till it bursts. It thus moults five or six times but does not change in shape till it is full grown.

The larva of a beautiful butterfly, is the ugly caterpiller, with its long body, head, six legs and a number of fleshy feet. That which comes from the egg of a fly is a maggot without either head or limb. The young of a beetle is a grub with a head and usally six legs. The third stage is the pupa or baby stage. We have often seen cocoonlike things hanging by a sort of silky thread from a leaf or a turf, or sometimes enclosed in a sheath, loosely spun and gummed to the leaf itself. Each of these contains the pupa, that is the larva in a new stage of existence. The feeding and growing being over, it now retires into a retired spot, as it has to burst its skin for the last time. It does not eat during this period, but, like the winter sleeper, sleeps. It is quite helpless and neither eats nor moves. While it is in this existence, a change begins to appear. Not only does it change its skin, but it takes a new form. Limbs begin to appear, at first packed close to the body, and then gradually an entirely new creature appears, the perfect insect with every part of its body developed. Insects never grow. All that was accomplished in the larva stage. The perfect insect, as a rule, does not feed on the same food as the larva. For example, compare the airy butterfly as it daintily sips the nectar from the honeyed flowers and the ugly crawling caterpillar which greedily devours green vegetable matter. But, as usual, there are many exceptions to this rule. Many perfect insects have a very short life. Some do not eat at all, but appear in their perfect form, lay their eggs and die almost, at once. Thus we have followed the life-history of the insect, a creature whose existence is

unimportant; yet its organism is most intricate and the beauty of it is, that each living animal, however insignificant, is wonderfully adapted in its structure to its particular food and habits.

II. SOBHA.

A Story by Mrs. Kareem Khan.

Once upon a time, in a forgotten corner of Hindustan, there lived an honest dhobi who used to wash for the kotwal and other bigwigs of the place. Now it so happened that the kotwal's servant, calling early one morning for his master's wash, found the dhobi seated on the threshold of his little cottage, clean shaven—sans hair, sans eyebrows, sans moustaches and sans whiskers, casting ashes on his head.

"What ails you, my friend, that I see you in such deep mourning?" asked the servant distressed to see him in this condition.

"Don't you know what has happened"? replied the dhobi. "Why, Sobha is dead and we shall never see his like again."

"Alas! is Sobha dead?" exclaimed the servant and forthwith repaired to a barber and had a clean shave, and in that state made his appearance before his master—"What has happened?" enquired the kotwal "that you have put yourself in deep mourning?"

"Alas! Sobha is dead" replied the servant, "and we shall never see his like again."

"Is Sobha gone then?" exclaimed the kotwal and summoned his own barber and had himself shaven clean like the others.

In a little while he was sent for by the Dewan on official business, and was in his turn asked why he had put himself in such deep mourning. "Haven't you heard then that Sobha is dead?" replied the kotwal, and "we shall never see his like again."

The Dewan, on hearing the sad news, felt that he could do no less than the kotwal and sat to his barber and had himself clean shaven and in this condition repaired to the palace to pay his respects to the Rajah, who was surprised and grieved to see his trusted minister in deep mourning, and, on being informed that the incomparable Sobha was dead, went into mourning at once like the others. But presently when the time came for him to enter the zenana, his little daughter was shocked to see her father in that condition and wanted to know why he had gone into mourning. The Rajah replied "Alas! my daughter, a great calamity has befallen us, Sobha is dead and we shall never see his like again."

"Who was Sobha, if you please, father?" inquired the princess.

"Why, now you remind me, I do not know myself, but I will ask my Dewan."

The Dewan, it appeared, was equally in the dark and had to refer to the kotwal, who was equally at a loss and sent for his servant, and the servant who knew just as little was sent running to the dhobi: "you told me Sobha was dead when I asked you the reason why you were in mourning, but who was Sobha any way?" asked the servant.

"Why, did you not know that Sobha was the best donkey I ever had, and many a load of soiled linen he has carried for me to the river side."

Thus it was that the kotwal, the Dewan and the Rajah discovered that they had gone into mourning for a dhobi's donkey, who knew no better than to die.

III. Scientific experiments.

I. WITH WATER.

(1) THE ASCENT OF WINE IN AN INVERTED GLASS.

Dip two wine glasses into a basin of water, and before taking them out, place the brims together, so that they may remain full, but one over the other. Then move them slightly, so that a very small space may intervene between the rims. Take a thin glass and drip from it some wine in such a manner that it may spread slowly over the surface of the inverted glass. When the wine has trickled down to the line of separation you will perceive the ruddy drops filtering into the glasses and ascending into the upper one, in consequence of the difference in the densities of wine and water.

(2) THE GRAPESEED IN THE GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.

If we place a grape-seed, quite dry, at the bottom of a glass and fill the glass with champagne, we shall see the bubbles attaching themselves to the seed, and it will rise to the surface of the wine, where the bubbles burst and disappear. Then the seed will fall to the bottom of the glass again. The seed in this instance has been raised to the surface by the aid of the air-bubbles, which play the part of little balloons in bringing it to the top of the liquid.

II. MOVEMENTS OF GASES.

(1) AERIAL CURRENTS.

Hot air is much lighter than cold air, and the differences in density of the air-strata play a very important part in the movements of the

atmosphere. Air is warmed in the equatorial, and cooled in the polar regions.

It is easy to understand the difference in the density of the aerial currents, if we open the door of a warm room which is entered from a cold hall.

A candle held to the upper part of the open door will show the direction of the warm current, while the course of the cold air will be demonstrated by the flaring flame of a candle placed on the floor. The currents pass in opposite directions, out and in.

(2) BLOWING OUT A CANDLE BEHIND A BOTTLE.

Put a lighted candle on the table, and in front of it, about 10 inches removed, a bottle. Then blow on the bottle at a distance of 8 or 9 inches, and the light will be extinguished, just as though there was nothing between it and your breath. The breath divides into two currents on the smooth surface of the bottle, one going right, the other left, joining each other at the flame of the candle.

(3) TO KEEP A PEA IN EQUILIBRIUM BY MEANS OF A CURRENT OF AIR.

Choose as rounded a pea as you can find, and soften it, if dry, in water. Then skilfully impale it on a pin, so as not to damage its interior surface and shape. Then get a pipe of very small bore, and place the pea on one of its extremities, where it is maintained by the pin, which has been inserted in the tube. Throw your head back until the pipe is in a vertical position, and then blow gradually and slowly through it. The pea will rise up; then blow more forcibly, and it will be sustained by the current of air turning on itself, when the breath strikes the pin.

Here is another experiment of the same kind.

Take a metallic penholder which is closed at one of its ends. At a little distance from the closed extremity drill a tiny hole. Then blow up through the aperture thus formed, regularly and steadily. A small bread pellet, perfectly roud, can then be kept up. The pellet should be as spherical as possible, its size varying with the density of the material, of which it is composed, and the size of the aperture in the tube. Many other experiments can be made by any means, which will ensure a constant, even, supply of the air, or gas, or steam from the extremity of the pipe.

By analogous means an egg-shall can be maintained at the upper extremity of a jet of water, on which it will revolve without falling off.

(4) TO MAKE A PLANK ADHERE TO A TABLE BY MEANS OF A NEWSPAPER.

Take a thin plank about a quarter of an inch thick, and eight inches wide, and twenty-eight in length. Place this plank on a table, slightly out of the horizontal, and it will be evident that the least touch will bring it to the ground. On the plank thus balanced place a newspaper sheet, and then if you strike the portion of the plank which extends beyond the table you will be surprised to find that the plank will resist the blow absolutely, as if it had been nailed to the table. If you strike hard, you will perhaps hurt your hand or break the plank, but you will not raise the sheet of newspaper which holds it. The quick compression of the air which is exercised on a considerable surface is sufficient to explain the phenomenon.

IV. Interesting Scraps.

AN OLD WIDOW OF JAPAN.

At the time of the China-Japan war, in an interior village, was living an old woman. She had a son, Miki Chokichi, who entered the army as a private. The son naturally took after the mother and was an earnest patriot and loyalist. On 3rd July 1894, the mother left her native village in order to get to her son at Toyoda where he was at the time stationed. The journey, though full of many difficulties and especially so to an old woman of fifty-five, was undertaken with a hope to see the son and say some encouraging words before he actually left the country for the seat of the war. Miki Masu was successful in her mission. While the mother was talking with her son, Tanaka Jisai, one of the subalterns of the first company of the regiment in which Chokichi was, chanced to pass by. Chokichi at once called the attention of his mother to the gentleman and told her that he was receiving many favours at his hands, and had learnt so many valuable things since he joined the regiment. Mrs. Miki requested the gentleman to favour her with an interview. On his compliance, she was very much delighted and addressed him thus,—"Thanks to you, sir, for your kindness to my son. I asked my son to come and spend a day or two with me, as I had much to speak to him. But as the regiment was soon to leave for Korea he said he could not. Hence I came here defying all fatigue of the journey. This boy lost his father at the age of three. Since then he and I were the only members of the family. My son married a wife before joining the Emperor's service. But now I sent her to her father's home, where she stays during

his absence. Nor has he any worry about me, as some kind relatives will take good care of me. A soldier should have no cause for fretting about matters at home. If he has, he is liable to make mistakes in the execution of his duty. The soldier must do his duty manfully and faithfully and take care not to put his parents or fellow villagers to the blush. Just now I told my son that, as brought up by me and never having had a thorough education, he should be very careful of his conduct and not be laughed at for having been brought up by a widow. I also have told him that as his expedition is for the honour of his country he must fight gallantly and that when he once is in battle he must be quite ready and willing to die for his Emperor and his native land. I expect to hear that he has distinguished himself. Besides all this I have added that it would be an ineffaceable disgrace for his mother and his fellow villagers, if he should ever play the coward. This is the only thing about which I feel at all anxious. But thanks to you again, sir, Chokichi seems to be thoroughly instructed in the duties of a loyal citizen and good patriot. So now I have nothing more to say to him or ask of him. Please be kind enough to be instructing my son as you have been doing heretofore."

This little speech coming direct from the old woman's heart, moved the young officer to admiration. With reiterated thanks to the officer, the loyal dame bade goodbye to him and her son and returned home with a heart at rest.

Fair readers, here I have nothing else to tell you as all has been told by the old woman. The story itself points out to you what an old woman, though old, can do. For the story further says that Chokichi was indeed careful to profit by his mother's patriotic advice. From first to last he did his duty in a most gallant style, frequently earning the praise of his superiors. At the end of the war he came back to Japan, leaving a most enviable record in the regiment. You cannot fail to observe how firmly and encouragingly the mother spoke, how fervent was her patriotism, how anxious she felt for the honour of her family and of her country. It is often said that home is the sphere of woman in which to work. Here I would draw your attention to the fact that home is as well the place where every greatness takes its birth. Had it not been for the great patriotic spirit of this woman, would you expect the son to be so trained up as never to care for himself? Woman shapes man even without his knowing. Hence it is that her duty lies indirectly without the home; hence it is that the rays of her sphere must be strong; hence it is that woman must be as all—knowing as man, if not more. Now-a-days there are more women of this spirit in Japan than ever and it is on these that the strength of the country truly rests.

PARTING.

Parting:—There is a warning lesson in life. It is this, "Beware of parting." The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting, it is in the When and the How you are to meet again. A cord stronger or weaker is snapped asunder in every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practised in re-splicing broken ties. Meet again you may. Will it be in the same way? With the same sympathies? With the same sentiments? Will the souls hurrying on in diverse paths unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream? Rarely, rarely! Eternity itself cannot restore the loss struck from the minute. Are you happy with the persons whose voices are now melodious to your ear? Beware of parting, or, if part you must, say not in insolent defiance to Time and Destiny, "What matters? We shall soon meet again!" Alas, when we think of the lips which murmured, "Soon meet again," and remember how, in heart, soul and thought, we stood for ever divided the one from the other, when once more face to face we each only exclaimed, "Met again!"

Our early loved! Hath their after path
From our steps far parted been?
Hath the hand of prudence, power or wrath
Raised barriers our love between?
Yet still in our dreams their shadows come
Through the waste of parted years;
Though the path be marked by many a tomb
Or its sand be wet with tears.

THE APACHES.

The Apaches Indians have a touch of delicacy and romance in them. From a lecture delivered in San Francisco by Colonel Carmany, we take the following account of their courting customs:—"Every young girl is at liberty to refuse a suitor for her hand. The father, mother and brother are prohibited from interfering in her choice. Her person is at her own disposal. After a brief courtship, the lover makes a formal proposal by offering so many horses. Horses are the standard of value among Indians. As the squaw does all the work, horses are accepted as an equivalent for her, labour. When a young warrior becomes enamoured, he fastens the horse near the wigwam of the squaw whose hand he seeks, where he is left four days. If she fails to feed and water the horse during that time, the master is rejected; but if she accepts his offer, she grooms and kindly cares for the horse, and then ties him to the wigwam of her lover, as much as to say "I am willing to be your slave and do your

work." At the marriage, the sages and sachems meet together, and the bride is not unfrequently loaded with forty to fifty pounds of silver and copper trinkets.

PALMISTRY :—Men are very curious and speculative in all that relates to character. They desire to know the marks of their own character, and to read the character of others. They eagerly listen to the phrenologist, as he "reads their head," and to the physiognomist, as he deciphers the features of their face. Some have even confined themselves to a single feature, and have pretended to interpret character by the nose, the eye or the mouth. Others pretend to read the gait, and a few to interpret character by the handwriting. But the very oldest of these arts is that of palmistry; the old chiromancists pretended to divine the future life and fortune by the direction of the lines on the palm of the hand—an art still professed by the gipsies and wise old women in all countries. The ordinary rule of the palmisters, we belive, is to infer "contentions" from the lines spreading at the bottom point of thumb; if the lines above the middle of the thumb meet round about, it portends a "hanging destiny;" many transverse lines upon the last joint of the forefinger denote "riches by inheritance;" right lines in the same place, a "jovial nature; lines in the points of the middle finger (like gridiron), "a melancholy unhappy wit;" and if the lines on the little finger be conspicuous, they denote "a good wit," and eloquent, but the contrary if obscure; and so on. This art has, however, long been exploded.

A PECULIAR FISH.—The fish of Paradise is one of the most peculiar of Chinese fresh-water fish. It is small in size, a pale gray in colour and, at first sight, having but little about it to attract attention. As soon as the animal become excited, however, the long fins on the back and belly straighten out and assume a rich purple line tinted with green. The long and fork-shaped tail spreads into a kind of fan, and the stripes upon the sides of the fish become yellow, red, and blue, constantly changing in colour. The scales seem to become opalescent, and reflect the light with the greatest brilliancy, while, the eyes appear illuminated with a bluish green fire. The habits of the animal are as odd as its appearance. The males take charge of the young and build the nest. The latter is simply a clot of foam floating upon the water, and is made by the fish rising to the surface and alternately absorbing and expelling air, until a little cluster of fine bubbles, hardly three-tenths of an inch square, is formed. The female then deposits her eggs which are at once seized upon by the male, who carries them in his mouth to the nest. Then he watches their incubation, carefully guarding and distributing them with wonderful sagacity evenly throughout the mass of foam. When they clot together, he pushes them apart with his nose, and besides keeps up a continual manufacture of bubbles until the eggs are lifted up above the water and rest only upon their soft couch. As soon as the embryos appear, his care is doubled. He watches that none escape; and in case some become separated, he chases them, catches them in his mouth, and replaces them carefully in the nest. If one becomes injured, he removes it from the others, and gives it a separate bubble by itself, apparently nursing it until it regains its strength.

Friendly Chats among Ourselves.

THE FORCE OF GENTLENESS.

HOW best can this sweet quality be defined? It is an all pervading charm like the perfume of the newly opened flower. It is an atmosphere of light through which radiates life. It is as the clear light of the stars reaching down to the depths of dark waters and making a little circle of golden light for itself. It is a 'spell' of unresisted power. Would that more of us possessed it! It is shewn by kindness and sympathy to others in acts; it is shewn by gentleness in manners and speech, not just the softening of the tone in speaking. The mind in which gentleness reigns supreme will not think harsh thoughts or utter hard words. Such natures are great. It is the outcome of the conquering of self, patiently and persistently carried out. It is the result of a quick and sympathetic insight into human nature, of the power to put oneself in the position of others. It means self-control and the government of impulse. It means an immolation of self on the altar of duty. It is the crown of gold that love bestows on the hero, who has vanquished the Ego. Hence it is a force that is irresistible and all vanquishing.

Do we not need to be gentle in our homes, and in our lives outside our homes? The temper of man is like quicksilver. No reins can hold it

in unless it be that of gentleness, faith and sympathy. At every moment of our lives, when we come in contact with other lives, do we not need to be gentle? If we could only realize how much a harsh word hurts, we would be less eager to lose our tempers. The mother of the household, who has a thousand and one little duties to attend to, has need of all the gentleness that God's goodness can grant. Hers is a trying position and yet a grand vocation and she has it in her hands to make or mar several lives. The force of quiet, gentle speech is great. It is said that a child who is always in the habit of hearing soft words and kindly speech, will grow up into a very sweet-tempered person. So gentleness is supreme. In moments of anger, in moments of stress, if we could only turn the other cheek! "Gentleness is invincible" said Marcus Aurelius, and we shall find that if we can practise gentleness, the world of reprobate hard-hearted souls will be easy to conquer.

"The tongue's power to do good or harm is simply incalculable." It can heal, it can wound. With a few words, the fabric of a beautiful life can be laid utterly waste. With some others the threads of a broken life can be taken up and woven into the finest cloth of gold. "A word in kindness spoken, only a gentle word" can do wonders and can break down impassable barriers. The enthusiast is full of glowing enthusiasm for his ideals. All his dreams can be dashed to pieces by one cold word from a cynic. A hardened heart which has cased itself in adamantine bands, will not often withstand a gentle word, but will feel the rivers of love stirring at its call, at the frozen depths. Woman's mission is that of peace, that of sympathy. Ours is to heal and to bind up, and we should be eager to develop such power and to use it to the utmost of our capabilities. And yet we are so apt to be upset by our own little worries. If something goes wrong in the domestic machinery, if the breath of gossip tells us that our next door neighbour speaks ill of us, if we imagine a slight or some wrong done to us, we allow it to ruffle our minds and make us miserable for the rest of the day. We should rise above such things. "Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—magnanimous—to be this indeed is to be great in life—not in the trappings of life but in life itself." And what does advancement in life mean—not an advance in worldly honour, a little more wealth, a little more grandeur, a little more fortune and a little more public honour, but "more personal soul." "He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only."

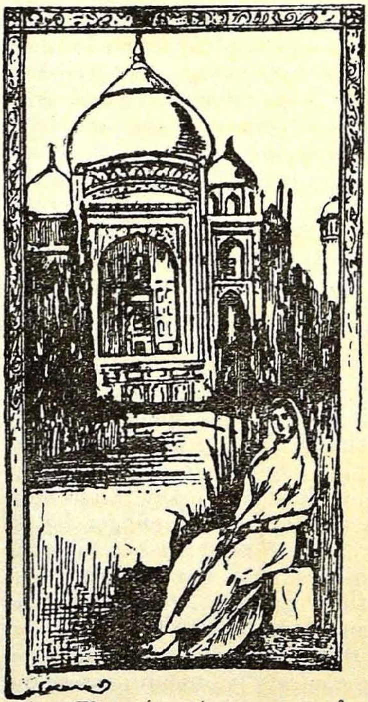
NILOTHPALAM.

Home Talks.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

(*Selected.*)

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."



THUS bemoaned poor old King Lear over his daughter's corpse. She had been good, wise and beautiful; gentle to him, notwithstanding his harshness to her; faithful to him, when his other daughters had forsaken him; and yet the characteristic in her which he most treasured and which he best remembered, in spite of the disordered condition of his brain, was her voice. There is not a more perfect touch of nature in all Shakespeare's pages than this. The human voice has a mysterious power over the human heart. It is more than a mere medium of sound for the utterance of words, it is able to attract or to repel, to leave pleasing thoughts or disagreeable impressions behind it. Like the wind, it bloweth where it listeth, and tells of the storms and tempests which affect the speaker. It is a reflection of his mind and mood. It changes with his physical health, and becomes strong, as he becomes strong, weak as he becomes weak. It changes with his mental emotions and shows signs of joy, grief, anger, passion, and of any other feeling by which he is moved.

A full-toned melodious voice in speaking is the greatest outward attraction anyone can possess. It brings with it a fascination and leaves behind it a satisfaction which can neither be gainsaid nor resisted, and its influence is all the more irresistible from being given and received unconsciously. Nature does not endow many of us with this wonderful gift, but she endows all of us with the power of improving our voices for their different uses and purposes, and it is upon this power that I want to say a few words to you.

For singing purposes your voice will be tested and trained and cultivated, although the occasions on which it will be heard may be few and far between, but for speaking purposes it will be left to take care of itself, although it will be perpetually heard and have the tyranny of pleasure and of pain over those who hear it. Why should this be? The same vocal organs produce both kinds of voices, and in youth the one can be improved and made harmonious as well as the other. And which is the more important—the one which is incessantly heard, or the one which is only occasionally heard?

If you reflect a moment, you will find that the difference between the two lies in the way they are produced. In singing you exercise an act of volition on your voice. You will it to remain on a certain tone for a certain time, and then you will it to change to another tone harmonising with the first for another period of time. In speaking, you bring neither your will nor your thought to bear upon it, and you involuntarily change its tones so perpetually that its changes are not observed. Just repeat a few words, listening to your voice, and you will understand what I mean. You will hear that even in the same word it is going through incessant upward and downward inflexions. And these inflexions in speaking correspond to its changes of tone in singing. They produce harmony or discord. They make it pleasant or unpleasant to listen to. You cannot free yourself from them, for they express the meaning of what you say. You suit them unconsciously to the sense of your words; and your words, but for them, would be meaningless and lifeless. And you do not suit them to the sense of your words only, but to the workings of your temper also. They are the vent of your feelings. They become peevish or passionate, cross or imperious in proportion to your own loss of self-command. They have their special way of expressing each frame of your mind, each flutter of your heart, each shade of your humour, and in getting command over them you are training your very character itself, your "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, which three alone lead life to sovereign power," whereas in training your singing tones you are merely training your powers of art.

My dear girls, you are now young, your vocal organs are pliable, your ear can be educated to appreciate harmony, your heart can be taught to love the good and beautiful, and, whatever your natural speaking voice may be, by exercising a little thought and self-control upon it, and by forming a few good habits in connection with it, you can discipline it into a gentleness and modulation which will add to your own happiness as well as to that of those around you.

The first means to this end is to listen to your voice yourself in speaking. In singing, you listen to it, and correct it, if you think it sounds harsh and unmusical. Treat it in a similar way in speaking. Listen to it thoughtfully. Listen to it with a critical ear. Listen to its different inflections and signs, its different ups and downs. Listen to it with a desire that it shall sound soft and harmonious, and you will be on the right road to make it so. Our actions, where they can, mechanically carry out our wishes. And then bring a few practical rules to bear upon it. Make it sound from the back of the mouth. The back of the mouth lies just above the vocal organs, and although it has nothing to do with the natural tone of the voice, it has a great deal to do with the quality of the sound. It renders the tones full, deep and rich, and makes them vibrate through the roof of the mouth, which has aptly been called "nature's sounding-board." To have access to it, you must open your mouth and throat well, and not be afraid of throwing out your voice. Avoid speaking through the nose. We all know the displeasing effect of a nasal voice. Bring yours out as far away from the region of the nose as you can without straining it. Never strain it. Never even use it to the utmost of its strength, but always feel that it possesses a reserve power from which you can draw. Encourage its lower rather than its higher tones. Its higher tones have a tendency to be harsh and shrill, its lower ones to be soft and mellow. Do not shout. Shouting means raising the pitch of the voice as well as making an effort to increase its sound. Even when speaking to a deaf person, if you aim your ordinary voice at his ear and speak slowly and articulate distinctly, you will find he will hear you better and with more pleasure to himself than if you shout. Breathe firmly and regularly, and always through the nostrils and never through the mouth. In breathing through the nostrils the air is admitted slowly and gently down to the vocal organs, and soothes and softens the tones. In breathing through the mouth it is admitted suddenly and spasmodically, and renders the tones harsh and monotonous. You may find the practice troublesome at first, but a little perseverance will make it easy to you, and the practice will strengthen your chest and lungs, and benefit your whole constitution.

Make a habit of reciting or reading aloud for a certain time daily in as large a room as you can find, with the sole object of improving your voice. Concentrate your whole attention on its tones. Direct it to the furthest corner of the room. Put as much sound in it as you can without straining it, and put as much gentleness in it as you can without lessening the sound. In a few weeks, you will find that it will acquire a great

deal of strength and harmony, and that your control over its tones and inflexions will very much increase. Then continue your daily practice with this difference :—pay attention to the words and thoughts of your author as well as to the sounds of your voice. Unconsciously to yourself, your tones will assume their best and most natural inflexions, they will express your emotions, and they will become not only strong but sympathetic.

By following these few simple rules, you need not be afraid of your voice becoming unnatural or affected. I am only asking you to treat it as your other physical faculties are treated. Unless the defects in your speaking voice are very pronounced, they will depend entirely upon yourself for their correction. And better so ; the education we give ourselves, is after all, the most thorough and the most lasting. It contains the most scope for freedom of thought and liberty of action, it offers the best opportunities for the formation of our own ideas and for the consideration of our subject in all its varied details and aspects.

And so, my dear readers, I would leave the subject of the human voice to your own judgment. Let each of you think it out for herself, and you will feel its importance and treat your voices accordingly.

But before closing, there is one more way of voice-improvement which I must lay before you, the surest and safest way of all, though matter-of-fact people might sneer at it and call it a stretch of the imagination.

Teach your heart to love beautiful sounds, and your ear to recognise them. Listen to them in Art and Nature. Listen to good music, listen to harmonious voices ; listen to birds singing, to trees rustling, to waters flowing. You cannot imitate these sounds of Nature, but you can think of them, you can receive them into your heart and soul, and they will not fail to leave their impression on your outward being. It is said that men are known by the company they keep ; and if we commune with Nature, she, of all other companions, will shed her influence upon our daily life. Is not the mother the best and safest instructress the child can have ? And our great Mother Nature is our best instructress. She is always ready and willing to help us. She does not only provide us with necessities for our material life, but she provides us with beautiful sights and sounds, that we may love them and receive them into our hearts, and bear their impress on every fibre of our being. Ah, we little think how each thought which passes through our minds, how each feeling which touches our hearts, is more or less reflected on all our outward organs, so that they all tell the tale of our inward lives. Now the human voice is the most powerful tell-tale of all those organs. It is the most readily affected by what we think and do. And if we love the gentle, the calm, and the beautiful in what exists around us, it will vibrate in sympathy with our hearts. It will become tuned in harmony with the highest and best part of our nature, and it will bear upon it the outward audible signs of an inward and spiritual grace.

Our Needle Work Column.

HARDANGEN EMBROIDERY.—*(Continued.)*

Fig. 1.

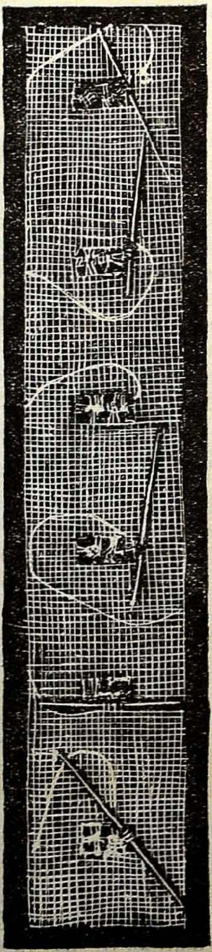


Fig. 3. Showing the six positions of the needle rotation, for making a fancy stitch.

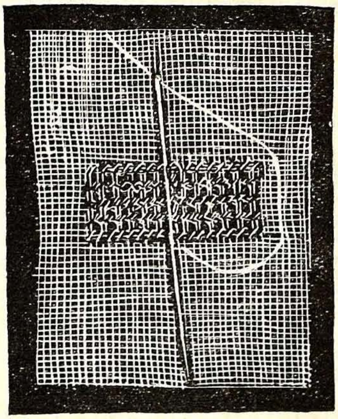


FIG. 2.

Fig. 2. Ordinary cross-stitch.

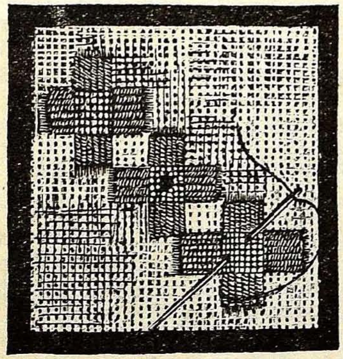


FIG. 3.

Fig. 3. Method of working the small eyelet holes given in so many of the patterns. Plain button hole stitch only. The continual pushing of the needle in and out forms the little hole in centre.

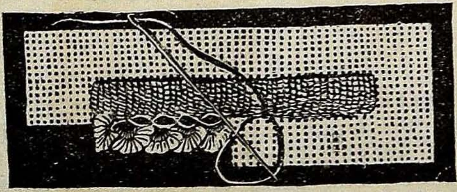


FIG. 4.

Fig. 4. Button hole edge with Point de Venise. For the first row a plain loop stitch. Second row, another loop stitch into one of the upper row, then place needle as shown in illustration and work four button hole stitches, into the one loop which will form one of the little groups of stitches, see illustration and so on until edge is finished.

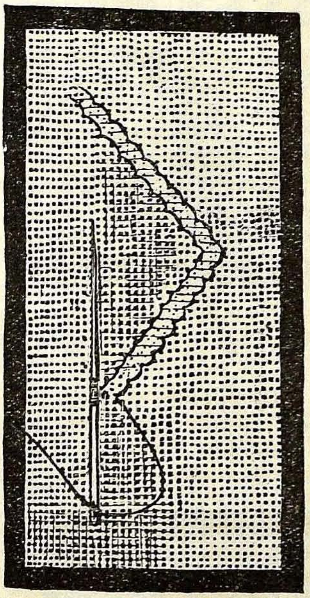


FIG. 5.

Fig. 5. Method of working back stitching much used in Hardangen embroidery. Both rows of stitching are worked at once. This requires a little practice to get the needle in the right position to carry the cotton over the threads crosswise.

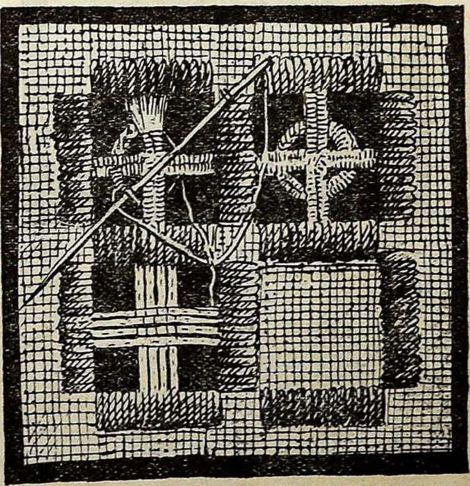


FIG. 6.

Fig. 6. Method of working bars.

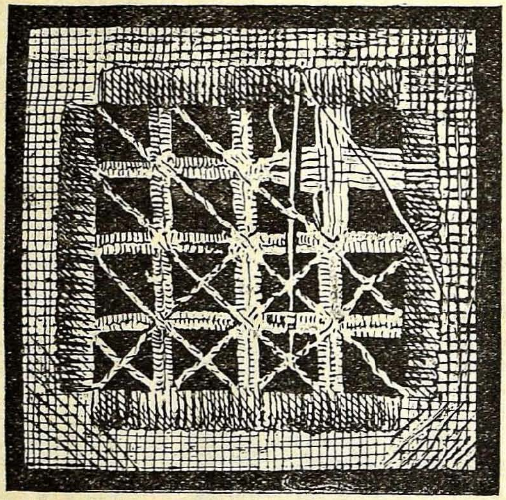


Fig. 7.

Fig. 7. Crossbarring.

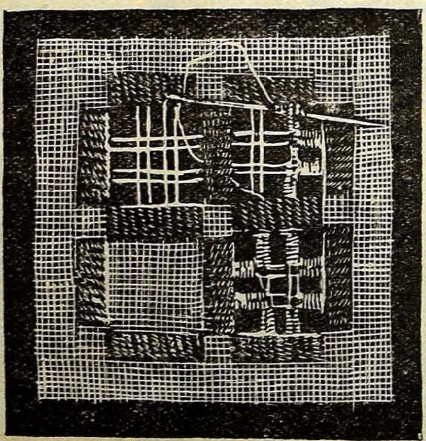
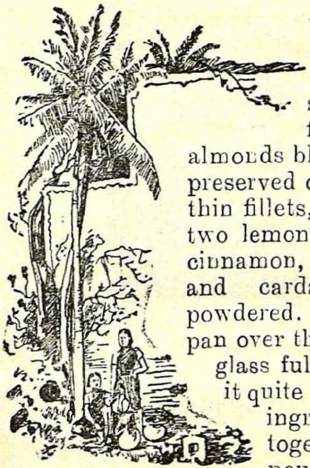


Fig. 8.

Fig. 8. Barring worked over single threads. Cut 3 threads, leave 2, cut 2, leave 2, and cut three.

Our Cookery Column.

QUEEN'S GINGER BREAD.



TAKE 2 lbs. of honey, $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of best moist sugar, and 3 lbs. of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sweet almonds blanched, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of preserved orange peal cut into thin fillets, the yellow rinds of two lemons grated off, 1 oz. of cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of cloves, mace, and cardamoms mixed and powdered. Put the honey in a pan over the fire with a wine glass full of water, and make it quite hot, mix the other ingredients and the flour together, make a bay, pour in the honey, and mix all well together. Let it stand till next day, make it into cakes, and bake it. Rub a little clarified sugar until it blow in bubbles through a skimmer, and with a paste-brush rub over the ginger-bread when baked.

SPICED GINGER BREAD.

Take 3 lbs. of flour, 1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of moist sugar, 4 of candied lemon or orange peel cut small, 1 oz. of powdered ginger, 2 of powdered allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of powdered cinnamon, 1 oz. of caraway seeds, and 3 lbs. of treacle. Rub the buttur into the flour, then add the other ingredients and mix in the dough with the treacle. Make it into nuts or cakes, and bake in a cool oven.

GINGER CAKES.

$2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, 1 lb. moist sugar, 2 of ginger. Rub the butter in with the flour and make the whole into a paste with prepared treacle. Make them into round flat cakes, wash the top with milk, lay a slice of peel on each, and bake in a cool oven.

ITALIAN JUMBLES OR BRANDY SNAPS.

6 lbs. of flour, 7 lbs. of good rich sugar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of butter or lard, 2 of ginger or mixed spice, 6 lbs. of raw syrup. Make the whole into a moderately stiff paste or dough, roll out into sheets fully an eighth of an inch thick, cut them with a plain round cutter of 3 inches diameter, put them on tins well greased, and bake in a moderate oven. When baked cut them from the tin and lay them on the peel-shaft till they are hard. If they should get too cold to turn, put

them in the oven to warm. Brandy snaps are the same as above, without being turned.

Note.—For cakes, spice nuts, or biscuits of a small size, that require washing on top, use a piece of linen the size of the tin, dip it in water, squeeze it, and spread it on top of the snaps or biscuits, and gently press your hand over it. This will prevent them from running together on the tins.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.

Take 1 lb. of butter, 2 lbs. of flour, 8 ounces of powdered sugar, mix the sugar in the butter, then take in all the flour and thoroughly mix and rub all together till of a nice mellow colour and easy to work; weigh of the size required, and shape into square or round pieces; dock them on the top, notch them round the sides, put on a clean dry tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

ENGLISH SHORTBREAD.

1 lb. of flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, 2 eggs. Mix as for Scotch Shortbread, ornament the tops with designs of neatly cut lemon peel and caraway comfits.

FRENCH SHORTBREAD.

2 lbs. of flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sugar, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ammonia. Rub the butter in the flour, make a bay, put in the eggs, sugar, and ammonia; beat them well with your hand, then draw in the flour and butter, make all into a dough, weight at 12 ounces, chalf them up round, pin out a good breadth, mark them off into eight, place a peal on each and bake in a good oven. Cut the marked pieces with a sharp knife after they are baked.

Varieties.

TRUE hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out, it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome; and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

I would establish, but one great general rule in conversation, which is this, that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them. This would make them consider whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be any wit or sense in what they are about to say; and whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom it is spoken.

He, who can wait for what he desires, takes the course of not being exceedingly grieved if he fails of it. He, on the contrary, who labours after a thing too impatiently, thinks the success, when it comes, is not a recompense equal to all the pains he has been at about it.

How little is requisite to supply the necessities of nature! And in a view to pleasure, what comparison between the unbought satisfaction of conversation, society, study, even health and the common beauties of nature, but, above all, the peaceful reflection on one's own conduct, what comparison, I say, between these and the feverish empty amusements of luxury and expense! These natural pleasures, indeed, are really without price, both because they are below all price in their attainment, and above it in their enjoyment.

Editorial Notes.

The Late Mrs. T. Banerji.

Mrs. Promoda Sundari Banerji was born in the year 1861 in the month of January, at a hilly place named Mahespur in the district of Bhagalpur, where her father Mr. Gopal Chandra Mukerji was the Prime Minister of the Mahespur Raj. Her mother died while she was a child of three. From that time till her eleventh year she was brought up by her aunts and her paternal grand-father In the year 1871 when she was only ten of age she lost her father too, who died leaving only two daughters.

Her childhood was chiefly spent at the little place of Mahespur. She was as happy as the

love of her family, friends and the beauties of nature, in which she so much delighted, could make her. She ever proved herself to be kind-hearted, good-natured, truthful and God-fearing. Her aunt married her at the age of eleven to a Hindoo gentleman. She became a widow at the age of eighteen, but three years later she again married, under Brahmo rites, our distinguished countryman and the first originator of the "Indian National Congress," Mr. Tarapada Banerji of Bengal.

She mixed freely with all men or women alike, whether Hindoos, Brahmos or Christians, whether rich or poor. Her life was one of purity and kindness to the poor and needy. The secret of her success in life was her love to God and her absolute trust in Him.

Twenty-five years of peace and prosperity and of pure happiness followed her marriage, such as is seldom vouchsafed to beings in this universe. But, God in his mysterious providence called Mr. Tarapada Banerji Home, and left her a widow. The death of her husband occurred on the 27th of August, Tuesday 1907, at Krishnagar in the District of Nadya, Bengal. The day after his death, she called her children near her and said: "I will follow my husband within a month." Three days after the Sradh ceremony of her husband was over, she was laid up with a severe illness, while yet she was at her own house at Krishnagar. Her death was singularly peaceful. A few moments before it she was distinctly heard to say "O gracious Lord! give me peace." She died on the 22nd September, the 25th day after her husband's death, leaving behind her two sons and two daughters. Her remains were burnt at the Cremation Ghat at Kalighat, Calcutta.

The Ladies' Art Exhibition, Jallundhar City.

An exhibition of hand made articles prepared by ladies or girls will be held on the occasion of the anniversary of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Jallundhar city. The exhibition will be opened in the Kanya-Maha-Vidyalaya premises on the 21st December 1907.

2. Needle work, gauze work, embroidery, laces, *Salma*, woollen and silk flowers, phulkari &c., and drawing, painting, knitting, sewing of clothes, toys, clay modelling, caligraphy &c., done by ladies or girls of all castes will be exhibited.

3. The articles will be received and sent back at the exhibitor's expense.

4. The senders of articles are requested to send with them a list of the things despatched in the form given below. The Secretary of the exhibition will forthwith furnish a written acknowledgment of the articles received.

No.	Name of the article.	The maker's name.	To what class the article belongs.	Price Remarks.

The articles must reach the Secretary by the 15th December 1907.

5. The price of the articles sold will be remitted to the sender after the exhibition is over, when the unsold articles will be returned at her or his expense.

Every article, unless marked unsaleable by the sender, will be available for purchase.

6. The Managers of the exhibition will have full discretion in the arranging of articles and in their acceptance and rejection.

7. Every care will be taken for the protection of the article from loss or damage, but the managers will not be responsible for any loss or damage caused to the goods by fire, rain, wind, or any other act of God.

8. A label will be attached to every article, shewing the name of the article, the class to which it belongs, its price, the maker's name, the exhibitors name if sold, the date of the sale and the purchaser's name and address.

9. The articles sold will be delivered to the purchasers after the closing of the exhibition. The expense of the transmission of the article by post or rail will be recovered from him or her by V.P. post, but the sale price will be recovered at the time of sale and a receipt for the money will be given forthwith.

10. No article will be photographed, traced in pencil or otherwise copied without the permission of the Secretary.

11. The exhibition will be open from the 21st December 1907 to the 1st January 1908.

12. Visitors' tickets will be sold at the office of the Exhibition Committee. Every ticket for a gentleman will cost annas 4, and a lady's ticket will cost annas 2. Boys and girls will be charged for at half the above rates.

Girls belonging to any school and the exhibitors will get free tickets.

13. Good workmanship will be rewarded by medals; for the award of which a special Committee will be appointed.

14. All communications in connection with the exhibition should be addressed to the Secretary, Ladies' Art Exhibition, Jallundhar City.

HANS RAJ,

Bar-at-law,

Secretary,

The Ladies' Art Exhibition, Jallundhar City.

A New Indian Magazine, the Bala Bharata.

All those who have got the interests of India at heart, not only among our people, but among the thoughtful English administrators like Lord Minto and others, are agreed on the fact that the Swadeshi movement is an agency, which, if truly understood and rightly conducted, will prove the sure means of India's industrial, social, and political salvation. The Swadeshi has offered a common platform for all the sects and creeds of the Indian people, and promises to be the nucleus on which to build the Indian Nationality. A great triumphant movement like this should, of course, be based on deep spiritual foundations and the recognition of those foundations is bound to be of immense strength and service to the movement itself.

The Bala Bharata, a monthly journal, recently started in Madras, has the commendable object of steadily keeping before the public view the above mentioned recognition of the deeper basis of the great movement which has come to be the saviour of this ancient land. It also aims at bringing about a united Indian Nationality based upon character and common duties and desires a revival of ancient character rather than ancient customs and superstitions. It says, "we desire to revive, not the ancient forms and appearances, but the *ancient virtues, the ancient character, the ancient Dharma.* We want to revive the qualities of fearlessness, self-denial for public good, self-sacrifice, love of country, etc."

The first number before us presents satisfactory indications that the conductors of the journal are well fitted to execute the noble mission they have set before themselves. It contains several articles of interest and literary value.

We hope that the Bala Bharata will insist on the betterment of Indian Womanhood, in all aspects, as there can be no true nationality, so long as India's women do not gain more influence than they now possess, on the modelling of national life and activities. The achievement of national possibilities can only be in proportion to the scope allowed to the possibilities for the motherhood of the nation to develop themselves. The Bala Bharata will also do well to dwell on the ancient Indian ideals of womanhood, which the country has now forgotten to its great disadvantage.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

THE PUNJAB GIRLS' SCHOOL.

SIMLA, *27th October.*—Simla is losing an interesting personality and a remarkable woman in Miss Strong, Principal of the Auckland House Girls' School, who is retiring after three years spent in this country, during which she has won a reputation for the institution of which she is the head such as has probably never been enjoyed previously by any girls' school in India.

Last Thursday there was a large gathering at the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor to present to Miss Strong and Miss Perrot, who goes with her, a small tribute of affection and regard in the shape of trinkets subscribed for by a number of the ladies of Simla, including Lady Ibbetson, who presided.

THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

On Firday, H. E. Lady Minto and Lady Violet Elliot attended the prize-giving at the school, and Her Excellency gave away the prizes in the presence of a large gathering, which included the governors, the school staff and children and a number of residents of Simla, amongst those present being Lady and Miss Ibbetson, Lady Harnam Singh, Sir H. Risley, Mr. Giles Mrs. Erle Richards, Mrs. Miller, Colonel and Mrs. G. Wilson, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Slater, Colonel Godfrey Williams, Colonel Bond and the Rev. H. Lewis.

MISS STRONG'S ADDRESS.

An address was given by Miss Strong, whose Report showed that the numbers in the school had increased during the year from 43 boarders and 13 day scholars to 58 boarders and 67 day scholars, besides students who have attended special lectures in literature, music and modern languages. She went on to give particulars of the year's work, making generous acknowledgment of help received from different members of the general community, the governors and staff, and then touched upon the general question of education. "I must own," she said in this connection, "that it has been a disappointment to me to find that instruction is encouraged and more sought after in India than education, and far more importance is attached to the definition of figures of speech, than to the study of the writings of the great authors who may have made use of the figures, and that owing to the itinerant nature of the lives of those who hold the chief positions out here, the germ of citizenship is so little developed that the schools of the country attract little interest. It may be true, as some urge, that the white population of the country should be in no way encouraged to educate their children in India. But if this is true, then too much is already attempted, and if it is not true, far too little is being done. For where units are few it seems to me every unit is of ten times more important than where there are ten times the number. Every white man and every white woman is of supreme importance in this immense country, and, therefore, it is of supreme importance that the character of each one should be noble and strong. Education developes character. Instruction, beyond the mere elements, is apt to stunt it or ruin it. That is why I would like to see the influential white population of India rise up in a body and

establish some schools where the buildings should be an education in themselves, and the training given wholly untrammeled by code regulations—that is if secondary education is to be attempted at all."

LADY MINTO'S SPEECH.

H. E. the Countess of Minto then made a short speech in which Her Excellency said :—"I have the greatest pleasure in coming here to-day, and I am glad to say the pupils and I are no strangers, as I have seen them once or twice before, and I am beginning to recognise their faces. I must congratulate the pupils on their successes, and I am sure they realise how fortunate they have been in having Miss Strong and her staff of teachers for the last three years. I have no doubt that in years to come they will live up to the high ideals Miss Strong has placed before them, and will become useful members of society. I am very glad to hear of the great interest taken in the Infirmary by both parents and children, and to learn how liberally they have subscribed to it. There is one sad thought with us to-day, and that is that we have to say good-bye to Miss Strong. But all the girls who had the privilege to be under her, will ever remember what they owe to her, and will ever cherish her memory."

An attractive programme of music was afterwards gone through by the girls, who then gave three cheers for Her Excellency and Lady Violet Elliot, and the Headmistress and staff.

THE HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.

(*Monthly Report for September 1907.*)

1. Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale worked in the Ahmednagar District. She first visited Nevasa A largely attended meeting was held under the presidentship of the retired pleader Mr. T. K. Joshi, who had already given a donation of Rs. 100. The Sub Judge Mr. Laghate and Mr. Deshpande, a pleader, rendered great aid in the collection work. The next Taluka town visited was Sheogaon, where a meeting was held presided by the leading pleader, Mr. Bhalerao. At Parner two meetings were held, the leading pleader Mr. Bhalerao rendered great help. The meeting at Shrigonda was arranged by Shet Uttamchand. In all, Mrs. Athavale visited eight Taluka towns of the Ahmednagar District. She then visited Dhond, the Railway junction and after doing a little work there she went to Baramati, a Taluka town in the Poona District.

2. A meeting of the Managing Committee was held at the house of Prof. Paranjpyye to consider the question of the Gitamandir Hall. The Gitamandir Hall in the present buildings of the Home cannot be kept as sacred and as isolated as the donor would wish and in consultation with the donor, the Committee decided to have a separate building to be called Gitamandir at an expense of Rs. 3000. Conditions about its use were also settled. The chief among them being that no non-Hindu should enter it and that it should be used only for religious purposes such as worship, prayer, lectures on religious or moral subjects.

3. The great benefactor of the Home, Mr. S. N. Pandit, whose monthly contributions of Rs. 60 are regularly going on, sent Rs. 400 during the month towards the building fund, the amount being in memory of his late son Mr. Vasantrao. Words fail to express our feelings of gratitude to Mr. Pandit.

4. The number of visitors during the month was 32 of whom four were ladies, 24 gentlemen and four advanced students. Of these 11 came from Poona, 7 from Bombay, 3 from Central India, 2 from Konkan and one each from Rajputana, Bengal, Mysore, Carnatic and the Central Provinces.

5. The total number of contributors during the month was 192, and the total contributions amounted to Rs. 880.

HINGNE BUDRUK,
Via Poona city,
22nd October, 1907.

KASHIBAI DEVDHAR,
VENUBAI NAMJOSHI,
Secretaries.

THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION.

PALGHAUT, *3rd November.*—The meetings of the Ladies' Association are quite a feature of Palghaut. They were instituted four years ago, with the object of facilitating social intercourse between Indian women of various castes, Brahmins, Nairs, Tiyyas, Christians, and European ladies. No one who saw them yesterday could doubt for a moment that that object had been attained, for a goodly number assembled at the house of Mr. K. P. Achuta Menon in response to the invitations of his wife and daughters. All had donned their best for the occasion, the Indian women in her bright silk cloth and lovely jewels, the English women in her dainty muslin frock and flower betrimmed hat. The meetings take place once in six or seven weeks, and each lady, Indian and European, takes it in turn to hold it; if the house has a room large enough, it is held indoors, otherwise a pandal is erected in the garden for the occasion.

When the guests are assembled, a lecture is read. This lecture is generally written by one of the ladies present and deals with some domestic subject, such as "the training of children," "duties of a wife," "health in the home," etc. It is read first in English, and afterwards in the vernacular, after which light refreshments are served. Some form of entertainment is generally provided, such as a concert, the programme consisting of vocal and instrumental music, English and Indian alternately, or else perhaps a gramophone, or a magic lantern; but whatever it may be it helps to draw all together in a closer bond.

At yesterday's meeting, the lecture, which was a very able one entitled "Health of the body," was written and delivered by Mrs. C. Raman Menon, Miss Achuta Menon reading the same in the vernacular. The evening closed with a display of fireworks.

DEATH OF A NATIVE LADY.—The *C. and M. Gazette* writes :—We regret to announce the death, which occurred very suddenly on Friday morning at Lahore, of Sardarni Umrao Singh, a lady well known and respected in both the Indian and European communities of Lahore, and one who endeared herself to all by her gentle nature and kindly ways. She was the wife of Sirdar Umrao, Singh, the chief representative of the Majithia family which forms one of the four great clans of the Sikh aristocracy and held a leading

position in the days of Maharaja Ranjit Singh and subsequently. The Sirdar himself, a distinguished scholar, has long resided in Lahore, and his many friends deeply sympathise with him in his irreparable loss. The deceased lady was the daughter of a grand old soldier, Sardar Captain Gulab Singh, who served throughout the Mutiny with distinguished gallantry. She was highly educated, spoke English well, and by the amiability and loftiness of her character formed one of the not too many links of sympathy and friendship between Europeans and Indians in this part of India.

LADY MINTO'S NURSING HOMES.

SOME RECENT ARRANGEMENTS.

SIMLA, *31st October*.—Major Bayley succeeds Mr. Rose as Secretary, Punjab Branch, Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Association. The Kasauli Branch of this Association may possibly be abandoned, it being thought more desirable to establish a winter Home at Rawalpindi and a summer one at Murree. The Nursing Homes at Naini Tal and Bareilly have been recently improved. A centre has been opened at Silchar with two Nursing Sisters from Home, and a centre is to be opened in December at Dacca under a Lady Superintendent, whose headquarters for the present will be at Shillong. A nurse is also to be lodged in the bungalow at Ajmere with the two other Nursing Sisters, her duties being to attend to Railway employees on small pay, Major Shelley having arranged that the Railway should be entirely responsible for the salary of this nurse besides contributing to the upkeep of the Home. The arrangements are to be an experiment for the pres·nt.

Miss K. *Das Gupta* writes to the *Sandhya* suggesting that, on the "sradh" day of the late Bramhabandhav Upadhya, all should put on "gairick" and establish "Bandhavbrata." Every year this day should be reckoned as a memorable "brata" day and a "gairick" coloured flag should be raised in every home. She has sent some "gairick" clothes and "namabalis" to the *Sandhya* office, hoping that Brahmins will perform the "sradh" of the late Pandit after putting them on.

A TALENTED LADY.—Srimathi T. Ammalu Amma, a talented Malayalee lady, has written a book entitled "Bhaktamala." The book contains 150 stories of Hindu devotees in Malayalam. The stories are translations from Sanskrit originals. The pieces are all written in a homely style and the authoress has done a real service to Malayalam literature. Srimathi Ammalu Amma, who is a profound Sanskrit scholar, is a sister of Dr. T. M. Nair, of Madras.

A HINDU WIDOW RE-MARRIAGE.—A correspondent telegraphs under date the 28th instant:—Last night a Brahmin virgin widow "was remarried according to Hindu rites in Rao Bahadur Viresalingam's garden. The bridegroom, Mr. Narasimhachary, is a Vaishnava widower aged 35. He is employed as Sub-Postmaster at Royapettah on Rs. 50. The bride Kaveramma is a Madhwa widow aged 20, and an inmate of the Rajahmundry Widows' Home and has passed the Lower Secondary Examination. About 100 persons attended the celebration.

MISS FIJI.—Miss Fiji, a lady of the family of the late Justice Badr-ud-din Tyabji of Bombay, who obtained a Government of India scholarship to prosecute her studies in England, has returned to Bombay.

BEDFORD College for Women offers two open scholarships of £15 each, for the course of secondary training beginning in J·nuary, 1908.

News and Notes.

Miss Valfrid Palmgren, Ph.D., daughter of one Sweden's most famous educators, and assistant in the Royal State Library of Sweden, has been sent to America to study our public library system.

Mrs. M. J. Campbell is partner with her husband in the care of an alligator farm in Arkansas. The hides make valuable leather. The farm occupies several acres, and contains 800 to 900 alligators, from tiny babies to full-grown saurians. A large business is done in selling the baby ones. These are mainly hatched in incubators, because the parents are cannibals and eat their offspring. Mrs. Campbell is in special charge of the young alligators, and these dangerous pets come at her call like chickens at feeding time.

Miss Jane Campbell of Philadelphia has composed an original piece of music, for a chorus of 20 voices and five soloists, which will be sung at the convention of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association, to be held in Pittsburg, Nov. 6, 7 and 8. At this meeting petition will be presented asking for the repeal of the law that permits a husband to mortgage the home without the consent of his wife. The Women's Club of Pittsburg, the oldest organization of its kind in the State, is already preparing for the entertainment of the visitors.

The Empress-Dowager of China has appropriated one hundred thousand tales (about $35,000 in gold) to establish a seminary for young women in Peking, with Princess Su as superintendent. The Peking Woman's News, a daily newspaper for the women of China, edited by a Chinese woman, says: "To have strong, healthy men, China must have strong, healthy mothers; hence, foot-binding must go, physical culture must be encouraged, and hygiene taught. In order that China's men may be the equal of other nations, their training must begin at home; hence, schools for girls and lecture halls for women must be established."

Mrs. O. H. Burbridge secured a set of Orpington eggs five years ago, and raised a brood of chickens. To-day she is called the Poultry Queen of California. She has taken more ribbons and cups than any one else in the Golden State, but the bulk of her money is made by fattening capons for the large hotels. Mrs. Burbridge makes at least $5,000 in a season of four months in this way. She believes that poultry raising is a field especially suited to women. She says that the pleasantest part of the whole business is the opportunity to help women who come to her for advice and help and she points with pride to one old

lady whom she started two years ago with a setting of eggs, and who used a piano box for a hen-house, but who now clears nearly $100 a month from her flock.

Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch is receiving the general support of the friends of equal rights in her prosecution of the Hoffman House for refusing to serve her with food in its restaurant because she was not accompanied by a man. The excuse given by the restaurants where this antiquated rule prevails is that they want to keep out bad characters. But any person behaving in an unbecoming manner could be put out, under general police regulations; and the wholesale exclusion of all unaccompanied women, ninety-nine hundredths of whom are entirely respectable, is a serious hardship to the large and growing number of women who have to earn their own living and to be out at all hours. The Business Committee of the N. A. W. S. A. and the New York Suffrage League have passed resolutions endorsing Mrs. Blatch's action.

Women in Great Britain are largely represented in the professions and trades, and about 45,00,000 earn their own living. There are 124,000 teachers, 10,000 book binders, over 3,000 printers and nearly 500 editors and compilers; 1,300 are engaged in photography, civil service clerks number 2,300, 3,800 are engaged in medical work and nursing, and 850 women (a surprisingly large number) are blacksmiths.

Miss C. J. Lambert, of the girls' boarding school in Foochow, writes: "New China has brought in new ideas about the education of Chinese girls and women. Instead of their being considered to possess 'no more brains than a cow,' and 'therefore' to be not worth teaching, the parents are now anxious to have their girls taught, and young men are wishing for educated wives. The rapidity of the change is marvelous for this slow-moving country, and the development of China's women is going on by leaps and bounds."

Mrs. Clara A. Wilbour writes in "The Women Citizen": "The 'best women' that I know will vote. They are the women who, keeping their milk pitchers scrupulously clean, will also be anxious to help determine and control the conditions that surround that milk before it reaches their pitchers; who not only feed and clothe their own children hygienically in happy homes, but will by their vote, as far as city ordinances make possible, see that the homes of other children are sanitary, and who, while gathering their own children around them at night, will remember the great hideous evil of child-labour, and help to abolish it."

A Lady Rescues Drowning Men.—Miss Costelloe, a young lady, rescued two members of a capsized boating party in the River Barrow. Three men were thrown into the water, and none was apparently able to swim. Miss Costelloe set out in a small boat, and succeeded in picking up two of the men in an exhausted condition, but the third, named Cashin, she was unable to reach in time and he was drowned. The victim leaves a wife and six children.

Miss Ethel N. Thomas, B.Sc., Demonstrator in Botany at University College, has received a temporary appointment as Assistant Lecturer in Botany for the Michaelmas term.

At the triennial council of Phi Beta Kappe, held recently at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va., President Mary E. Woolley, of Mount Holyoke College, was elected a senator of the united chapters. The senate consists of five officers and twenty members, ten to be elected at each council, Miss Woolley is the first woman ever chosen. Fifty-four out of the 66 chapters constituting the council were represented at Williamsburg, making this the largest meeting ever held by the society.

The Hospital of St. John.—The King has been graciously pleased to sanction the following appointment to the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England; Lady of Grace—The Viscountess Falkland.

Woman University Tutor.—Miss Phœbe Shevyn, D. Litt. (London), has been appointed Tutor for Women Students in the University of Manchester and Warden of Ashburne House Hall of Residence. Miss Shevyn was a student at the University College of Wales, Aberystwith, where she graduated in the University of London. For three years she held a Fellowship and Lectureship at Bryn.

Mrs. Winfield Freeman, who has lately returned from a trip to Koran, writes in the Central 'Christian Advocate' of the curious medical superstitions of the people, and the strange remedies to which they resort. Whooping cough they call "donkey cough," and the cure is to kiss the donkey! Mrs. Freeman makes a strong plea for more doctors and hospitals.

Lady Henry Somerset has aroused considerable discussion throughout England by declaring that most of the cottages which one sees along the countryside are merely "whited sepulchres, and that their unwholesome condition often drives their inmates to drink. Lady Henry Somerset backs up the statement with quotations from the investigations of Miss Constance Cochrane, and her report to the National Housing Reform Association after making a special study of the homes of the agricultural poor.

Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts has just got back from an extended tour in the Orient with her husband. They lectured to large audiences, Dr. Crafts generally speaking in the evening on "World Problems as Related to Markets, Morals and Missions." and Mrs. Crafts addressing an afternoon meeting of women on "God Made the World for Women, Too." Mrs. Crafte writes in the Union Signal: "Neither in Korea nor in China did we come in contact with W. C. T. U. workers, but we heard of an organization in China claiming our name, also calling itself the 'Society for the Liberation of the Female.' We heard also of another 'Society for the Suppression of the Mother-in-Law.' A new light has dawned for Chinese women."

The Empress of China is meeting with support as well as opposition in her effort to suppress opium smoking. In several places the closing of the opium dens has been hailed with enthusiastic demonstrations. Crowds of students paraded the streets with lanterns and flags, and hundreds o! shops were decorated. An observer says the demonstrations were accompanied with talk of such a patriotic ch racter that one might have supposed the town was celebrating a military victory. The strongest opponents of closing the opium joints in China are the foreign monied interests who want to know where the loss of revenue is to be made up. The Christian Endeavor World says · "Loss of revenue! Where is the present loss of humanity to be made up?"

Mrs. Edith Chase Newton, in a letter to the Springfield Republican, makes a new point as to taxation without representation. She says: "To what thoughtful person has it not occurred that the best gift of the citizen to the common treasury is not money, but character? As we look at the laborious, often gratuitous, services of men and women acting upon boards of health, school committees and philanthropic agencies, we can not fail to be impressed that these are taxing themselves for the common weal quite as truly as, and sometimes much more than, the largest 'tax payers' of the city or town. Must we not come to the conclusion that the fundamental qualification for enfranchised citizenship is neither a sex qualification nor a money qualification, but a qualification of adult rational citizenship?"

The Dowager Empress has issued a decree declaring the Government of China to be a constitutional monarchy. The reign of this remarkable woman, who for years tried to crush the reform movement that she now sustains, will be regarded by future historians as one of the most memorable in the history of China.

Miss Kerstin Hisselgren has been appointed by the SwedishGovernment Military Inspector in Stockholm. This is a new departure. Miss Hisselgren is sent to England by the Government and the Frederika Bremer Association of Women to study hygiene and public health. She took the course of scientific hygiene at Bedford College for Women.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe once wrote to an eminent U. S. Senator in behalf of a man who was suffering great injustice. He replied: "I am so much taken up with the plans for the benefit of the race that I have no time for individuals." Mrs. Howe pasted this into her album with this comment: "When last heard from, our Maker had not reached this altitude."

Mrs. Rosa Lewis, favorite "chef" of King Edward, has written on the subject of how to cook for kings, and incidentally gives some good advice to other cooks. She advises new cooks to master the elements of their art before attempting elaborate dishes. She says there is a growing demand for intelligent cooks and for sensible cooking.

Miss Anna T. Jeanes of Philadelphia has lately died, leaving a great fortune to charity. The bequest that is most discussed gives a large sum to Swarthmore College on condition that the students shall not take part in intercollegiate athletics. Miss Jeanes believed that these often stirred up rivalry and enmity, besides tempting the young people to neglect their studies.

The Maharani Bhadyanyi, who has lately passed away in India, is much regretted by both Indians and English. She was known to be the adviser of her husband, Sir Pertab Singh, the gallant Maharajah of Idar, in his affairs with the English government, and is credited with having inspired many "noble acts of statesmanship and patriotic services." Her benevolence in the great famine during the viceroyalty of Lord Curzon won his special commendation when he reviewed the relief measures, warmly commending the interest taken by some of the Rajput rulers, and the devotion with which the Maharani conducted the orphanage she opened as a relief measure.

Mrs. Eliza F. Teas, school commissioner of District 117, Sussex County, Del., is the only woman commissioner in the country, and is believed to be the first and only one in the State. She is doing so well, however, that she is not likely to be the last. At the end of her first year, she has a fine record to show. The school grounds have all been graded and sown in lawn grass seed. The school building has been freshly painted, and a new flagpole and flag provided. The school was kept open for nine and one-fourth months, much longer than any other Sussex school. The Wilmington News says: "How Clerk Teas solved all these problems and brought the air of refinement and progress all about is a mystery to the mere men commissioners of Sussex. A campaign for women school commissioners and women to manage the schools may be inaugurated in Delaware."

Mrs. Sheldon Leavitt, the wife of one of Chicago's most not d physicians, has started a circulating art gallery for the hospital patients of that city. She has made a large collection of paintings, and these, through a central agency, will be moved from hospital to hospital for the enjoyment of the needy sick. "I have grown tired of the aimless round of society," Mrs. Leavitt is reported as saying, "and have withdrawn to devote the rest of my life to work that will improve the lot of the sick poor. I taught a good start might be made through having them see beautiful pictures. Pictures do so much for a sick-room and for despondent invalid."

Mrs. Mary E. French, wife of A.B. French of Clyde O., has lately patented a vegetable kettle, a potato-masher and an egg-beater. The inner part of the kettle is corrugated, so that the water will pass below the part containing the vegetables and keep them from sticking to the bottom and burning. The potato-masher is hollow and can be filled with hot water. This not only keeps the potatoes warm while being mashed, but, by piling the mashed potatoes about it, they are kept warm until served. The eggbeater, Mrs. Frenche's latest device, is a fork with three large prongs, having serrated edges, and holes through the prongs, which will aerate the eggs as they are being beaten. Several years ago Mrs. French received two medals from the Parisian Inventors Academy of France, for electrical devices, including the Thomas Electric Battery Support.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for November, 1907.

No.	Name	RS.	A.
1.	Mrs. M. Mohamed Azam, Saidapet ...	4	0
2.	Mrs. Angela Mascarenhas, Mangalore...	4	0
3.	Mrs. C. Appayya, Coorg ...	4	0
4.	Mrs. Motiram Advani, Lahore ...	4	0
5.	S. Ananda Rao, Esq , S. Canara ...	4	0
6.	Lady Benson, Madras ...	8	0
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